

King HENRY the VII.

OR

The POPISH IMPOSTOR.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is acted

By his MAJESTY'S *Servants,*

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL,

IN

DRURY-LANE.

By Charles Macklin

L O N D O N.

Printed for R. FRANCKLIN, in *Covent-Garden*;
R. DODSLEY, in *Pall-Mall*; and J. BROTHER-
TON, in *Cornhill*. M.DCC.XLVI. (Price 1s 6d.)

~~17473.35.35-17473.36.12~~

Harvard College Library

May 7, 1912.

Gift of

Frank G. Thomson
of Philadelphia

P R E F A C E.

TH E following Piece was design'd as a Kind of Mirror to the present Rebellion; and the imagined Advantage of having it acted before that unnatural Flame could be extinguish'd, was the Reason why it was so hurry'd in the writing; being begun and finish'd in less Time than is necessary for the forming the Fable only of a correct Play. It was the six Weeks Labour of an Actor, who, even in that short Space, was often call'd from it by his Profession. The Players, for the Sake of Dispatch, had it to study, Act by Act, just as it was blotted; and the only Revivals it received, from the *Brouillon* to the *Press*, were at the Rehearsals of it. So that we must bespeak the Reader's Indulgence for numberless Incorrections thro' the Whole; but more particularly for the Measure and Diction; the Author having neglected them so much, that he cannot call the Manner, in which it is written, either Prose or Verse, but accidentally both. It is certain, Apologies for bad writing seldom procure Remission from the Rigid; yet the most flagrant Crimes when ingenuously confess'd, and follow'd by Repentance, admit of Extenuation from the Benevolent.

N. B. The Lines mark'd with Commas were omitted after the first Night's acting, the Play being too long in the Performance.

PROLOGUE.

W
 W
 W
 The
 The
 Wh
 But
 Wh
 No
 No
 By
 Axe
 To
 And
 But
 For
 A
 Who
 The
 The
 With
 Artley
 No
 But
 For
 Judge
 Where

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. MACKLIN.

BReathes there a Briton longs for Popish Chains,
While Smithfield Fire our English Annals Stains;
When Popish Rage and Persecution blaz'd
With British Blood on Altars Rome had rais'd;
When Matrons saw their Sons in Flames expire,
Their Husbands crackling in religious Fire.
Then Rome gave Laws, our Kings and Council sway'd,
While Albion mourn'd her Liberties betray'd.
But now she smiles; our Laws are all our own,
Which rule alike the Cottage and the Throne.
No Tools of Power our Properties invade,
No Heads are chopt for Plots the Court hath made.
By such base Arts her Empire Rome maintains,
Axes her Arguments, her Logic Chains;
To these a Martyr gallant Russel fell,
And Sidney bled, whose Crime was writing well.
But under George such Practice is unknown,
For free-born Subjects guard and grace his Throne.
A Prince like him our Author shews to Night,
Who fought for Freedom and his regal Right.
The temporary Piece in Haste was writ,
The six Weeks Labour of a puny Wit;
With melting Measure, Critic Rules unfraught,
Artless he writes,—just as rude Nature taught:
No golden Lines, no polish'd Verse hath he,
But all like British Courage, rough and free.
For once then——
Judge not by Critic, but by patriot Laws;
Where Genius fails, support your fav'rite Cause.

EPILOGUE,

Cooke
p. 26

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. WOFFINGTON.

B*R* Hal deliver'd from my marriage Vows,
Catherine again is free to chuse a Spouse.
The Man, who offers fairest, shall succeed,
If British born, or of old Huntley's Breed.
Of Rome-nursed Husbands I have had enough,
O Ladies, they are all such dastard Stuff,
That I my self, equip'd in Cap and Jerkin,
Am every whit as good a Prince as Perkin.
'Tis true the Boy was loving, soft and tender;
But in the Main an arrant poor Pretender.

Jesting a-part,—now Ladies, what do you say?
What is your Judgment of this hasty Play?
For your Decision here the Author stands;
Let the poor Rogue have Mercy at your Hands.
In sooth we're much beholden to his Art;
For in a female Form he hath placed a manly Heart;
And if in her bright Character you find
Superior Spirit and a Roman Mind,
Know, from the Life her Principles he drew,
And hopes the Piece shall live which copies you.

Drama-

Dramatis Personæ.

King HENRY,	Mr. <i>Delane.</i>
OXFORD,	Mr. <i>Berry.</i>
DAWBNEY,	Mr. <i>Woodburn.</i>
Bishop of YORK,	Mr. <i>Havard,</i>
STANLEY,	Mr. <i>Winstone.</i>
Sir Robert CLIFFORD,	Mr. <i>Marshal.</i>
Lord Mayor,	Mr. <i>Taswell.</i>
1st Lord,	
2d Lord,	
Soldier,	Mr. <i>Barrington.</i>

King of SCOTLAND,	Mr. <i>Stevens.</i>
PERKIN WARBEC,	Mr. <i>Goodfellow.</i>
HUNTLEY,	Mr. <i>Macklin.</i>
SEVEZ, the Pope's Le- gate,	} Mr. <i>Bridges.</i>
Sir David BRUCE,	
FRION,	Mr. <i>Blakes.</i>
Lord.	Mr. <i>Sparkes.</i>
Officer.	
Lady Cath. GORDON,	Mrs. <i>Woffington.</i>
JANE,	Miss <i>Minors.</i>

Guards, Attendants, &c.

King HENRY the VII.

OR

The POPISH IMPOSTOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *Holy-rood Palace.*

SEVEZ and FRION.

Sevez.

FRION, we all were on the
Brink of Fate;
A Nobleman who knew him,
when a Child,

Avow'd him an Impostor, born at *Tournay*;
The Son of one *John Osbec*;—not the Heir
Of *England's* King—audaciously assumed.
This stagger'd many of the Court, who warmly
Opposed his Audience; I at length stood up,
And in full Council strait produced our Letters
From *Charles* of *France*, his Holiness the Pope,
And *Maximilian* of *Bohemia*;
And as they all recognize his royal Birth,
The Objection vanish'd; and the King resolved,
To give him instant Audience and support,
Befitting regal State, oppress'd and wrong'd.

Frion. Most reverend Sir, your Industry and

Zeal,

B

So

So warmly active in this pious Cause,
Will ever make you dear to *France* and *Rome*.

Sevez. *Frion*, with religious Joy we will revenge
The irreverent Contempts, lately offer'd
To our holy Church, by unholy *England*,
My Functions, secular and religious,
Shall to their utmost, stretch, to fix this *Perkin*
On *England's* Throne. *Henry* hath refused
Our King, by my Contrivance, his Daughter
Margaret; which affront hath sown the Seeds
Of Hate too deep within his youthful Mind
Ever to be weeded out. His Soul's on fire,
And burns with Eagerness to pour Invasion
Into their haughty Land; to loose at once
His unremitting Grudge, on a proud Neighbour,
And a dreaded Rival. But, *Frion*, tho' we
Abound in *Scottish* Blood, ready to be drain'd
Against *England's* Peace, yet Treasure is War's
Strongest Sinew; and without that quick'ning Aid,
The devouring Body wastes to needy Peace.
That must be had.

Frion. Holy, Sir, 'tis ready.
For Years large Collections have been making
In *England*, *Spain*, and ever-helping *France*;
These Sums for the present are lodged with me;
But now a special Order from his Holiness
Divests me of the Charge, and to your Care
Commits the Trust.

Sevez. Our unerring Father's Confidence
Does Honour to my Zeal; I will bestow
The Treasure as his Holiness directs
And the religious Cause demands. But how
Stands *Ireland*? What Hopes from thence?

Trion. None,

The

‘ Th’ Apostate Slaves are fallen off from *Rome*,
 ‘ And firmly fixt in the Usurper’s Cause ;
 ‘ *Kildare*, *Clanrikard*, with many others
 ‘ On whom we built absolute Assurance,
 ‘ Have, at their own Charge, arm’d their Friends
 ‘ and Followers,
 ‘ And join’d the *English* General, *Poinings*;
 ‘ For which may divine Vengeance taint their Air,
 ‘ And visit them to late Posterity.

Sevez. How are the *English* affected towards us ?

Frion. As our Hearts could wish;
Sir Robert Clifford, and many others,
 All of high Rank, and eminent Esteem,
 In Discontent, at present, with their King,
 By Gold and Promises have I firmly fixt.
 Yet more, the Usurper’s Bosom-Friend, the Man
 Nearest his Heart, cross’d in ambitious Views,
 Has secretly vow’d Revenge, and is ours
 By Oath and Heart ; so that *England’s* Measures
 Are betray’d as soon as form’d.

Sevez. So far then Probability attends us,
 And gives almost Assurance of Success.
 But one Thing more.—Is *Perkin* well prepar’d ?
 Can he affect the Blush of Innocence ?

‘ Hath he the steadfast Eye that looks against
 ‘ Enquiry ? Can he stand the Shock of gazing
 ‘ Numbers ? And tell his Tale without Confusion ?
 ‘ Is he Master of the false Tear and feigned Sigh ?
 ‘ For to a crowded Presence he must speak.

‘ *Frion.* He is not to be taught his Lesson now :
 ‘ The blended Care of Nature and of Art
 ‘ Have stamp’d him perfect ; a majestic Mein,
 ‘ A Countenance, where Sweetness and Command
 ‘ Smile awfully together ; a Deportment,

‘ Courtly

' Courtly, but not effeminate ; a Skill,
 ' That calls him Master of most Languages ;
 ' But chiefly *English* ; with a soothing Carriage
 ' Which beggars the Persuasion of his Tongue.
 ' His suppos'd Aunt, *Margaret of Burgundy*,
 ' Has form'd his Education ; she has made him
 ' A living History of *England's* Factions ;
 ' The various Interests, Battles, Revolutions,
 ' The Friends, the Enemies of either House,
 ' This of *Plantagenet*, or that of *Lancaster*.
 ' He is Master of many Languages ;
 ' But chiefly *English* ; to ingratiate him
 ' With the People, and stamp him native.
 ' *Sevez.* The King is soft and warm, susceptible
 ' of Pity,

' Prompt to receive th' Impression of Humanity ;
 ' If *Perkin* do but tell his Tale with Skill,
 ' Th' unwary Youth will sympathize in Sorrow
 ' And take and keep what Form his Art bestows.

Frion. Doubt not his Art, my Lord, he is com-
 pleat ;

And often has rehears'd his kingly Part
 In *France*, in *Flanders*, and in *Italy* ;
 Where admiring Crowds have wonder'd forth his
 Praise.

And given natural Marks of Majesty ;
 In Look, Tone, Gesture, Gate, and Voice :
 And credulous tale-believing Women,
 To whom Appearances are sacred Truths,
 Have, at his well-told Tale dissolved in Tears.
 Thus, my Lord, like a graceful, well-skill'd Actor,
 He steals, where e'er he plays his princely Part,
 Or popular Applause, or melting Pity.

' *Sevez.* *Frion*, some subtle Means must be con-
 ' triv'd To

' To fling Division's Fire-brands 'mongst the *English*,
' For should they join their Hearts and Resolutions,
' The united Pow'r of *Europe*, nay, the World
' Could not prevail against them.

' *Frion*. Care is taken.

' On every Side, our Emissaries ply,
' And blacken the Usurper; Gold and Prayer
' Alternately are us'd, and with Success,
' To bribe his Council and to win his Subjects.
' *Richard's* divine, hereditary Right,
' A Right Infallibility confirms,
' And which that Power makes indefeasible,
' Is preach'd amongst them; strengthen'd by the
' Terror

' Of Bulls, Anathemas, and Hell eternal
' To those who disbelieve, or disobey.

Sevez. 'Tis well. But we must haste; the
King expects us.

I'll conduct the Youth. Is he ready?

Frion. He is, my Lord.

Sevez. *Frion*, in your publick Manifestos
Be sure you promise free Power of Worship,
To the *Lollards*, and all Separatists.
Men fight by Halves, with a kind of bastard
Courage on Rebellion's Side, without Religion.
But when that's hook'd in, why then, Biggotry,
Flaming Biggotry, tunes Rebellion's Discord
Into pious Loyalty; and makes Men fight
With hot, enthusiastic Vigour,
And forget the Name of Rebel. For then
The Cause and Quarrel are no longer earthly
But derived of Heaven!

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

S C E N E II.

King of Scotland, PERKIN, Courtiers, &c.

K. Scot. Cousin of York, England's undoubted Prince,

To our Court welcome! Welcome to our Heart!
Welcome to Scotland's dearest Blood and Treasure!
Which, in Support of thy undoubted Right,
We promise to pour forth.

Perkin. Gracious King!

Godlike, puissant, and benificent,—
And still a Title far more glorious,
Friend to Distress and Father to the Wretched;
Prostrate before your royal Feet, behold
A Prince, whose Woes, nor Time, nor weeping
Pity,

With all the Store of Wretchedness they've seen,
Can match; a Prince, sprung from the noblest Blood
That ever rul'd fair *Albion's* Sea-wash'd Isle;
The high, the regal once;—but now the out-cast,
Miserable, forlorn *Plantagenet*.

O royal Sir, Afflictions numberless
Have rooted in my Heart,
Ev'n from our princely Cradle, to our landing
On your hospitable Shore, Fortune, adverse
And cruel, with her Whip of Thorns hath scourg'd
us.

Where e'er we went, we've been pursued and dog'd,
By wither'd Murder; the pale Assassin
Of blood-thirsty Usurpation.

K. Scot. Rise, royal Cousin, most unhappy
Youth!

(Sevez takes him up)

Perkin.

Perkin. My Uncle first, unnatural, crooked
Richard,—

Savage and bloody—by my dying Father
Appointed Guardian of the infant Lives
Of princely *Edward*, and myself, stubborn'd
Two hellish Murderers, at dead of Night,
To plunge their Poignards in our guiltless Hearts,
As we lay sleeping in our royal Tower.—

Edward's rich Blood the Butchers soon let forth.—

His Skriek of Death awak'd me ;—when Horror!

Stiffening Horror! seiz'd my frightened Soul!

Close by my Side I saw my dying Brother

All weltring in his Gore; Murder's butcher'd Prey!

The grim Assassins,—

Their Hands yet reeking with the royal Blood

Seized me.—shuddering,—I kneel'd and beg'd for

Mercy!

Instantly!

As if great Providence had interposed,

The Murderers,—Soul-struck,—stood ghast and
flank!

At length soft Mercy, and relenting Nature,

Warm'd about their Hearts; and the up-rais'd
Hand,

Unnerv'd by Pity, the fatal Dagger dropt.

Sevez. O heav'nly Care of injur'd Royalty!

K. Scot. We must be Marble not to melt at
this.

Perkin. The repenting Men,

With Tears assur'd me of my Life and Safety;

And straight returning to my cruel Uncle,

Deceiv'd him with th' Account that both were dead.

To *Tournay* thence with Speed I was convey'd,

And there, for some Time, obscurely foster'd;

Till

8 *King H E N R Y the VII.*

Till at length, *Margaret of Burgundy*,
My loving Aunt, declar'd me *Edward's* Son.
How I have since been tols'd by Fortune's Tempests
Is in the living Volume register'd
Of all Mens Tongues.

K. Scot. Cousin of *England*, so I now pro-
claim you,
In the full Prefence of our Nobles here,
Once more, of Aid, and Faith-ty'd Amity,
We give thee royal, and sincere Assurance.
Sevez, give Order that throughout our Realm
He be acknowledged *England's* rightful King,
With such Appointments, and due Observance
As appertain to unquestion'd Majesty;
And to stamp his Person still more sacred,
Here in our Court shall be his Coronation,—
Sevez, set Preparation forward.

Sevez. My Leige, I will.

K. Scot. Say, is our Council summon'd; are
they ready.

Sevez. They are my gracious Prince.

K. Scot. And are the Lords
Of *Huntley*, *Angus*, and *Daniel* summon'd?

Sevez. They are.

K. Scot. 'Tis well:—My welcome Cozin, be
chearful;
For some few Days, what Pleasures can be found
In *Scotland's* Court we wish thee to partake;
We'll after march to *England*, and taste their's;
Where we'll exchange the hospitable Word
Which now you wear, and in my Turn I'll be
Your royal Guest; and e'er 'tis long
We hope to dance a Measure in your Court.

Exeunt all but Sevez and Frion.

Sevez.

Sevez. Thus far the Gale blows right, and all goes well,——

But, *Frion*, we must leap another Bound ;
Another Danger still must be encounter'd ;
I must apprise thee that our *Scotch* Nobility,
Proud, and tenacious of their antient Rights,
Vent daily murmurs and form close Cabals ;
Forfake the Court, and bitterly inveigh
Against the Church ; as having usurp'd of late
Too much Authority in temporal Sway.

' Loud are their Complaints that by Priests and
Frenchmen

' They are precluded from the Royal Ear.
Some of these factious Spirits have been quell'd,
Some of them banish'd, and their Lands confiscate ;
Others imprison'd, nay and some cut off :
Yet still their dreaded Leaders do remain ;
Alexander Gordon, Earl of *Huntley*,
The young Lord *Daniel*,
And *Archibald Douglas*, Earl of *Angus*.

' Still they erect their Crests, and with Impunity,
' Vent their black Malice 'gainst the Church and us.

' *Frion*. How have they scap'd ?

' *Sevez*. Thro' Fear, not Lenity.

' Their Friends are numerous, their Possessions
large ;

' Their Deaths wou'd be Forerunners of our Ruin.

' Else, let me speak it like a true *Romish* Church-
Man,

' Their irksome Beings had not now perplex'd us.
They have absented long from Court and Coun-
cil ;

But late a special Summons from the King
Has order'd their Attendance here to Day,

On Pain of Banishment and Confiscation.

Fri. But, holy Sir, I doubt these headstrong Lords
Will not assent to aid our *Perkin's* Claim.

Sevez. No Matter, *Frion*, we can do without
them;

‘ For me, I’m determin’d; and for the King,
‘ He acts by my controuling Will, not his own.
‘ It is not prudent that the Church of *Rome*
‘ Should e’re let Kings or Rulers think for them-
selves;

‘ Th’ unerring See should ever be their Guide.
As to those heretic Lords, their Assent
For *Perkin* is our least Concern. We have
More important Views upon them.—Death, Death.
Frion, *Huntley* must not live, he stalks and roars
But one Day more in Freedom’s spacious Forest.
The Toil is set for th’ unwily Lion ;
And his own boundless Spirit drives him in.
He thinks the King mislead, and will bellow
Without Guile or Guard ; for the Fool is brave,
Ev’n to romantick Madness. ‘ *Scotland's* Good
‘ So strongly burns within him, it appears
‘ His only Passion. Freedom is his God ;
Which he so idolizes, he would make
The World his Profelytes, did they but hear him.

Frion. Lord *Sevez*, ’tis not fit such Men exist.

Sevez. O they are dangerous in a Court like ours,
Where the King’s Interest wanders from the Peoples.
But his Majesty’s prepar’d,—and resolved
This Day, by my Advice, to silence *Huntley's*
Free speaking, or his Head answer th’ Default.

Frion. Omniscient Wisdom still directs your Mind
And points your Purpose to some holy End.

But, my right reverend Sir, one thing remains
unsettled

Unsettled yet, which only you can finish:——
 You know this *Perkin* burns for *Huntley's* Daughter,
Scotland's gay Ornament, and Nature's Pride;
 This Angel-looking Maid, this *Katherine Gordon*,
 To young Lord *Daniel* has been late betroth'd,
 The Follower and fervent Friend of *Huntley*;
 Your Wonder-working Wisdom now must break
 This fatal Knot, or *England's* blazing Crown
 Will sit like Death upon his princely Head.

Sevez. This Business in the Council has been
 weigh'd;

The King resolves to gratify his Wish,
 And give the lovely *Katherine* to young *Perkin*.
 Which Match will either fix this dangerous
Huntley in our Cause, or with enraged Madness
 Break his proud stubborn Heart: For his Daughter
 Next to Liberty is his earthly Idol.

But I must leave you;---for the Council sits
 To sound those factious Lords.---I must attend. *Exit.*

Frion. My Brother Priest is zealous in our Cause;
 His Pride and Avarice must be the Tools,
 With which we work.—They are sharp and handy
 And in a Priest, who sways the royal Mind,
 Will rid much Business: *Gordon's* lovely Daughter,
 (Who is of royal Blood) to *Perkin* join'd,
 Will knit the Scots to us, indissolubly.

For after Marriage, should they find the Cheat,
 'Twill then become their Interest to conceal it;
 Nay to espouse it too.—Which if they do refuse,
 The Magazines of *Rome's* affrighting Vengeance,
 In damning Bulls, and terrible Anathemas,
 Shall to the liquid Gulph of penal Flames
 Devote their black, their superstitious Souls,
 Till Penitence and Gold buy out their Pardon. *Exit.*

S C E N E III.

The Council-Chamber.

The King, SEVEZ, Sir DAVID BRUCE, Council and Attendants.

King. How! not attend!--*Angus and Daliel* ill.

Sev. So their Oracle, Lord *Huntley*, reports,
And farther, that he's emproxied to exprefs
Their Thoughts in aught that may concern the
public Weal.

King. Their Sicknefs is all Pretence!--but admit him.

(Exit Sir David Bruce, and returns with Huntley.)

Lord *Huntley*, welcome to the royal Walls
Of *Holy-rood*! and well we wish you never
Had eſtranged them. It would have joy'd us much
To've ſeen the Lords *Daliel* and *Angus* here.
As you are Subjects, Nobles and Kinſmen,
We with your Love; and we intreat, all Lets,
That may impede our Concord, be remov'd:
Your Prefence will be Gladneſs to our Heart,
Therefore, be oftener in our Eye.

Huntley. My Leige, I am unfashion'd for your
Court.

My Speech, like my Manners, are plain and un-
courtly.

I have been bred a Soldier, a *Scotch* Soldier,
Not an *Italian* Flatterer. My old Body
Is dry'd and chill'd with toilsome Marches, thro'
Numbing Froſt, and ſcorching Heat, to grapple with
My Country's Foe.

I have not been uſed to ſilken Coverliſs,
And *Solon* Beds,—but to the friendly Plaid,

And

And swampy Earth; and my best Lodging oft
Hath been the dryest Turf, the blooming Hether,
The wholesome Fern. Our unletter'd Bards then
Flatter'd not the Living but prais'd the Dead.
Their Songs were not who steep'd deepest in *Italian*
Luxury, or deck'd gayest in foreign Frippery,
But who had most Wounds in Battle, 'or fought
Hardiest in their Country's Cause. This Court
Was not then the Rendezvous of *Italian* Minstrels,
Priests and Legates,—but the hospitable Home
Of *Scotch* Nobility; whose Ancestors
This Realm coeval'd; and when grown strengthless
By fighting *Scotland's* Battles, grew venerably grey
In her faithful Councils.—Where are they now?
Here are none such. Your Nobles are Strangers
To your Court, your Courtiers Strangers to your
Nobles.

K. Scot. *Huntley*, to taunt and to revile
Was not the Purport of our Summons; but
To counsel and assist.

Huntley. Sir, Counsel, void of Freedom,
May flatter and mislead, but never can assist.
Freedom is the Guide, the unerring Guide
To sacred Truth, in a Nation's Council.
The *free-born* Subject's indisputable Right;
And never suffer'd Prohibition yet,
But from Priests and Tyrants.

K. Scot. —Sir, to your vast,
High-taught Notions of Freedom we are no
Stranger. Rabble *Kerns* too, we hear, copy your
Licentious Knowledge; and in rude saucy
Language, dare revile our sacred Person;
Libellously branding our Wisdom, with
French and Priest-rid Weakness.

Huntley.

Huntley. My Leige, when the Yoke galls,
Nature will wince. Arrests, Imprisonments,
And Confiscations compose your Subjects Dreams,
And break their restless Sleep. We lie down
With Anguish at our State,—and rise despairing
Ever to see it mend; and the Heart-stinging
Prospect that opens to our View, is,
Posterity scourged, by *French* and *Romish*
Tyranny.

K. Scot. O Sir, your distemper'd Fancy frames
Sprites and Goblins, Men of sounder Judgments
never see.

Huntley. Pray Heaven it may be Fancy.—
My Liege, I have fought my Country's Battles
In Sweat and Blood; when every Object
To Eye, and Ear, and Thought, brought certain
Death

Into the Mind; the whole a moving Scene
Of busy Fate. And after Battle, I have
Seen the hard-fought, conquer'd Field, strew'd with
Death

And Slaughter. There I've beheld our gallant,
Helpless Nobles, breathing out final Groans;
Their active Blood baked and clotted
By scorching Heat, or swallow'd by the greedy
Sun-crack'd Earth. There I beheld Brothers and
Kinsmen stript, and piled on mangled Heaps
Of Slaughter;—*Kerns* and *Thanes* promiscuous.
There searching for my dear, my darling, only Son,
I found his well-known, headless Trunk, all gash'd
And mangled,—with his Brains dash'd and scatter'd
'Gainst a blood-stain'd Oak.—Yet these were
Sights of Joy
To what I now behold.

I see

I see my Country bleeding in her vital Vein ;
 I see her Nobles banish'd, imprison'd, and assassin'd ;
 I see *Scotland's* Dregs compose her Councils;
 All Concerns, sacred, civil, and military,
 Sold and huckster'd as in a publick Mart.
 I see Majesty——deluded Majesty,
 Hem'd in by a Band of crawling Parasites,
 Who taint his royal Mind with a King's bluest
 Plague,

Seditious Jealousie of his best Subjects.

O awake, awake, anointed Sir, and
 Be the Father, not the Tyrant of your People.
 Ferret from your Court these Rats, who'll undermine
 The Roof that shelters them, and leave your Fame
 And Country to perish in the Ruins.

Sevez. Lord *Huntley*, your ill-manner'd Heat of
 Temper

Makes you forget the Presence you are in.
 The Homage and Respect due to Majesty
 You wilfully and audaciously omit.

Hunt. The Homage and Respect ! the enve-
 nom'd slander,
 And the tell-tale Pick-thanks, you mean, my Lord;
 Which taint the purest Loyalty to blackest Treason.

Sevez. My Lord, your Manners grow foul, and
 beneath your Rank.

Hunt. My Priest, your Pride grows insolent,
 And above your Rank ; and the same Recipe
 That discharges the black Stains from your Con-
 science

Will cleanse my Manners.

Sevez. Stains from my Conscience, Lord !

Hunt, Ay Priest, 'twas my Phrase.

Sevez. My Leige, this Treatment,

In

In your royal Presence too, is beyond
The Sufferance of wholesome Policy,
And human Nature ;—it demands instant
Chastisement.

Hunt. Chastisement, Priest!

Sevez. Ay Chastisement, Lord.

K. Scot. —*Huntley*,—be calm. Why, how
now, Sir,
Have you forgot our Presence?

Hunt. —No, my Lord—

*{ Bows to to the King, then
with a stifled Rage turns
to Sevez.*

—You are a Priest—in Council,—but no matter—
—'Tis well :—

O *Scotland, Scotland*, how is thy Spirit broke!
When that a *Kern*-bred, upstart, *Rome*-taught Priest
Dares hold a Rod of menaced Chastisement
Over the Minds of free-born Peers.

K. Scot. *Huntley*, you grow seditious.

Hunt. My Liege, Truth will ever be Sedition.
While *France* and *Italy* direct your Council.

K. Scot. Sir, my Allies of *France* and holy *Rome*
Must not be revil'd by you, or any
Slander-spreading Subject within my Realm.

Sevez. Pray, my good Lord, if Heart will give
you Leave,

Will you inform his Majesty and Council,
In what this out-stretch'd Power of *Rome* consists.

K. Scot. Ay, *Huntley*, let us coolly hear at once,
These arbitrary and oppressive Grievances
In Church and State, and if they appear such,
Our royal Word is 'gaged for the Redress.

Hunt. Ay, Sir, now you speak like a King,
Whose noblest Office is to hear and to redress.

K. Scot. Proceed, Sir, in your Grievances, you
have free Leave.

Hunt.

Hunt. Most heartily I thank your Majesty.
Your gracious Boon I will accept.
And in my homely Plainness dreadful use it,
Tho' I were sure this Freedom were my last.
To begin then.—

Free-speaking Parliaments are thrown aside,
As superfluous in our State; and prostitute
Bulls from marketing *Rome* supply their Place.
The regal Council of the Realm consists—
First of *William Sevez*, now the Pope's Legate;
A Man, issued from the base perfidious Clan
Of vile *Mackgreger*. He with religious Guile
And Gallic Craft, infacinate the royal Mind.
The Subject's Lives, their Rights, and Properties,
He grinds and arbitrates with tyrant Will;
And, to pleasure subtle *France*, misguides our Land
To a perfidious War, in support
Of an Impostor's Title, against our
True Allies, the Faith-observing English.

Sevez. Dread Sir, this Insult to distress'd Royalty
Is not to be borne

King. Scot. Let him proceed;
'Tis the last Time he speaks in *Scotish* Council.

Hunt. Be it so, my Liege. Then 'tis the last Ser-
vice

I shall do my Country. But to your Council,
Since it is my last. Right against your Priest
An English Minstrel stands, who tho' at Home
A Vagrant, now gives Vote in Council here;
And, for *Scotland's* Honour, keeps a Court Auction
For royal Boons, where the highest Bidder
Rises to Preferment.

There are many more of the like Nature
About your Palace; and tho' excellent

In their various Talents, yet there is one
 They all unite in, which is—a fervile,
 Thorough-paced Obedience in Court Measures,
 To gall your Subjects, and oppress the Land.

King Scot. Lord Huntley, 'Freedom of Speech
 was your Request ;—

' You had it ; and, by my Troth, full freely
 ' Hast thou used it. We know to gloss Matters
 ' Is not your Use ; Plain-dealing, however rude,
 ' Is the Mark you aim at : ' You have portraid
 A most lively, speaking Picture, of our self,
 Our Council, our Religion, and our Laws ;
 And 'tis but meet such high-colour'd Patriotism
 Shou'd be rewarded. Therefore
 We here solemnly engage our royal Word
 Before our upstart, *Rome*-directed Council,
 To reward your Treasons with immediate Death.

Hunt. Treason, my Liege !

King Scot. Ay Treason, frontless Traytor.

Hunt. My misguided King,—as you love fair
 Truth,—

For my sacred Master, your dead Father's sake,
 Who, in Horrors of the raging Battle,
 Proved my Loyalty, do not call me Traytor.
 ' The Traitor's Blood is cold, and treacherous ;
 ' Mine, tho' old and dearth, is hot, and loyal.
 ' Now indeed it cannot gush as 'twas wont,
 ' When lavish'd daringly, in your Defence,
 ' And your House's Cause ; yet in *Scotland's* Right
 ' It still can trickle, a Sacrifice to your
 ' Misguided Vengeance'. Be kind then, sacred Sir,
 Take,—Take my old Life, but murder not my
 Fame.

For

For a Traitor's Name stabs deeper in a
Loyal Heart than all the Tortures Tyranny
Can invent.

K. Scot. Sir, for your Time, you may find better Use;

'Tis not of long Duration; employ it
To Advantage. Sir *David Bruce*, he is your Prisoner;
Convey him to the Castle.

Hunt. My kind Liege,—
To the virtuous Man, Extent of Life
Is but of small Concern; to me 'tis none.
But how Life is spent ought to be a King's
First Care. For as the Welfare of Millions
Depends on him, his Life demands the strictest
Circumspection. Kingship, is not an Office
Of Rapine, Riot, Tyranny, and Will,
But of Care, Affection, Duty, and Circumscription,
Inviolable to the Subject's Right.
If to remind a Monarch of this Duty,
Be deem'd a Traitor's Office—would to Heav'n
Your Council were all such! 'tis the Treason
For which I wish to live; and if it be the Treason
For which I die, next to the Field of Battle,
In our dear Country's Cause, it is the best,
The noblest Death a free-born Soul can meet.
And now, farewell, whom I honour as my King,
Obey as my Master, rev'rence as my Father,
Love as my Friend, and lastly, to that
Which contains, and is dearer than them all,
A long, long Farewell,—my ruin'd Country.

Huntley led off as to the Castle of Edinburgh.

Sevez. If your faithful *Sevez*,
My honour'd King, may presume farther to

Advise, *Angus* and *Daniel* both should die.
 For Lord *Huntley's* Death, should they survive it,
 Instead of quenching their enkindled Spirits,
 Would, like Flames pent up in fuell'd Caverns,
 Make them burst forth and blaze with treble Fierceness.

Besides, my Leige,
 The Confiscation of their Lands will be
 A double Prop to your royal Power.
 First, 'twill punish, and deter foul Traitors
 Who would lessen, or subvert your royal Sway.
 Next, 'twill be a rich Exchequer, to push
 The War 'gainst scoffing *England*; who with Eye,
 Contemptful, views *Scotland's* King as poor and
 needy.

K. Scot. And with sarcastic Jest scorn'd our Alliance,

And refused their Daughter; but we'll repay
 Their gibing Taunts.

Greedy Ravage shall havock thro' their Land,
 Till they atone their Insolence, and accord
Plantagenet's Right!

' *Sevez.* Your Reign, great Sir, to future Kings
 ' will be

' A Document of wisest Policy

' How to direct a State.

King. *Sevez*, give Order

Daniel and *Angus* suffer with Lord *Huntley*.

Sevez. I shall, my Liege,

K. Scot. We'll now prepare for *Richard's* Coronation,

Then to *England*; where we'll affix his Right,
 Or in that hostile Land resign our Breath.

End of the first ACT.

ACT II.

ACT II. *The English Court.*

King HENRY, STANLEY, YORK.

K. Hen. MY Lords, no longer let us doubt the Truth.

'Tis certain th' Impostor is in *Scotland* ;
Conceal'd and cherish'd by those needy Kerns ;
While envious *France* prepares her Armaments
T'invade our Land, and aid the Vagrant's Claim.

Stan. I trust, great Sir, that th' Alarm is false ;
I cannot think that *Scotland's* King would e'er
abet

An Impostor's Claim against your native Right ;
Back'd and supported by your Subjects Voice,
Their Hands and Hearts ; the best, the surest,
Right
To *England's* Crown.

K. Hen. That Right be ever mine.
My firmest Bulwark, against foreign Threats,
Shall ever be my Subjects Love ; secure
In that, *England's* King, and this Sea-girt Isle,
May defy the warring World. But, *Stanley*,
Are our Fleets in Readiness to scower
The dastard *French* ? to sink and burn their hostile
Transports, should they dare look forth ?

Stan. They are, my Leige.
Proudly they ride, and plow the angry Main,
As if they rul'd that boist'rous Element,
And gave old Neptune Laws in his own Dominions.
While your faithful Troops,

(Th' Remains

(Th' Remains of *Bosworth's* memorable Field,
 Who fought so bravely 'gainst the Tyrant *Richard*)
 Headed by gallant *Buckingham*, are march'd
 With eager Hearts to *Kent* and *Sussex*; and vow
 To shed their warmest Blood 'gainst th' invading Foe,
 Who treads a Step on *England's* Ground.

K. Hen. Why, ay, 'tis like an *English* Soldier's
 Vow;

It breathes forth Mettle, and native Courage,
 Such, as *fifth Harry* felt, at th' deathful Scene
 Of bloody *Agincourt*; when Gallic Prisoners
 Trebled *English* Conquerors, and their mangled
 Dead out-number'd both. Such again shall be
 Their Lot;—Imprisonment or Death. Such their
 Reward, who wound fair *England's* Peace.

Enter OXFORD.

Now, Lord *Oxford*, what says my loyal City?
 Are the *Londoners* assembled?

Ox. They are, my Leige:
 Their kindled Chiefs are gather'd in Guild-Hall;
 With each a Spirit like the first *Romans*,
 When rowz'd at midnight by th' inspiring Cry
 Of *save your Liberty!*—When first I waked
 The Mayor, and told him the *French* and *Scots*
 Were making a Descent in *Perkin's* Cause,
 Th' abrupt Relation drove the warm Colour
 From his manly Cheek; but the rich Stream soon
 Rush'd back with treble Force—*English* Courage,
 Rage, and fiery Indignation; which now,
 Like spreading Flames, catch,—quick—from Man to
 Man,

And through your loyal City nought is heard
 But 'to arms.—Death or Liberty.—and long
 'Live the King.

King;

K. Hen. 'Tis well ; I will deserve their kind Affection,

And ever be the Guardian of their Rights.

Dawbney, take care there be Dispatches sent

This Night, to the Lieutenants of our several Counties ;

Bid them, without Delay, prepare their People ;

Distribute Arms, and animate their Zeal ;

Our self will lead them on to happy Victory,

Or hard fought Death, in *England's* glorious cause.

Ox. Doubt not, my Liege ; your Subjects all united
As now with Hand and Heart they firmly are,
Can never fail of joyful Victory.

The needy, restless *Scots*, so oft chastis'd,

Again shall feel the Vengeance of our Arms,

And ever rue this rash Attempt. As for the

French, I've often heard my Grandfire say,

That, in *fifth Harry's* Days, the beating them

Was but an *Englishman's* Recreation :

It shall be so again, my gracious Leige,

We'll drive the gaudy Rogues back to *Paris* Gates ;

There, like beaten Curs, let them lick their bruised
Wounds,

Mend their broken Limbs ; and instead of making

Kings,—let them make Courantos, and follow

Their dancing skipping Avocations.

K. Hen. Well said, my valiant *Oxford*. We'll
make 'em feel in us

An *Edward* and *Fifth Harry* joyn'd. Ha ! *Stanley*,

We once again shall have our Bodies clasp'd

In burnish'd blazing Steel, and together fight

Against audacious Usurpation.

York. May the Almighty's providential Hand

Direct your Sword, and guard your sacred Life ;

May

May Victory, with her triumphant Aspect,
Attend your righteous Cause ; and bleis once more
Our panting Land with cheerful welcome Peace.

Ox. My Lord of *York* fights like a true Church-
man,

With Zeal and Prayer, instead of Sword and Bullet ;

York. Your Taunt, my Lord, might have been
better timed,

And mark'd a fitter Object for its Mirth.

For know, Sir, tho' a Priest, I'm *English* born,

And (in my Country's Cause) can wield a Sword,
And shed my warmest Blood in its Defence.

As daringly as any Layman of you all.

K. Hen. Cousin of *York*, none doubts your
Loyalty,

Or Courage ; we have oft approv'd them both.

My Lord of *Oxford* means you well ; and his

Mirthful Jests the Church must not take ill,

Since Majesty itself is sometimes made their Butt.

'Tis true, his Humour's singular and blunt ;

But his Heart is honest, which makes large amends

For the Tartness of his Wit. Come, come, we

All are Friends, nor have we Time for Jibe,

Or Anger now, but 'gainst our common Foes,

The *French* and *Scot* ; there let your Pray'rs, and
Jests,

And Blows, be levell'd.

Enter a Lord, and whispers Stanley.

Stan. ' May it please your Majesty, the Mayor
' And Citizens attend your Pleasure.

' *K. Hen.* Stanley, admit 'em.

(*Exit. Stanley.*
' Their

‘ Their Readiness to shew their Loyalty
‘ Is an added Worth to their Affection.

Ox. ‘ Those Sons of Traffick know too well
‘ The Sweets of golden Commerce, self-earn’d
Property,
‘ And *English* Freedom, to lose them lightly.
‘ They are too wise to change such Blessings for
‘ Wooden Shoes and *Popish* Anathema’s.

Enter Stanley, Mayor and Aldermen, who kneel.

Mayor. ‘ Permit us, gracious Sovereign, with warm
‘ Affection

‘ And united Loyalty, to approach your sacred
‘ Person. Indulge our heart-felt Zeal the Privilege
‘ To express the indispensable Duty of *English*
‘ Subjects. Subjects, who think their Happiness and
‘ Liberty inseparably blended with your sacred
‘ Right; and bound by Duty and Affection
‘ To feel all Insults offer’d to your Majesty, in a
‘ Sense, as sharp and touching, as to our individual
‘ Lives, our Trade, or Liberties. Too well,
‘ My Liege, we know the Schemes of ambitious
‘ *France*, which grasps at universal Sway, to be
‘ Deceived by Threats or Machinations. Her
‘ Cabinet is an exhaustless Mine of blackest
‘ Policy; Jealousy, Corruption, Discord and Sedition,
‘ Are the Agents she sends forth to
‘ Plague Mankind; but e’er her Jesuit Arts shall
‘ Taint our Loyalty, or pervert our free-born State,
‘ To Gallic Servitude, we here devote
‘ The last Remains of *English* Blood and Treasure.

K. Hen. ‘ For such voluntary, loyal, *English* Love,
‘ Who would not change despotick, Gallic Sway?

E

‘ You

' You kneel my Subjects, but you rise my Friends ;
 ' Your King and Country's Pride and Treasure ;
 ' The industrious Bees, who gather Sweets from
 Earth's
 ' Remotest Climes, to enrich *Old England's* Hive,
 ' With Natures choicest Stores. Such ever be
 ' Her Sons ; industrious, loyal, stout, opulent,
 ' And free.

Mayor. ' And such her Kings—the Scourge
 ' of *France* and *Rome*, and Guardian of their People's
 ' Liberties.

K. Hen. ' Nobles, Citizens and Friends, let each
 ' Repair to his respective Charge. You, my Lord,
 ' To our faithful Citizens ; bid them accept
 ' A Monarch's greatful Thanks ; tell them their
 Love,

' And Loyalty, so amply shewn, at this
 ' Important Crisis, ever claim my
 ' Warmest, best Affection. The Preservation
 ' Of their Peace and Rights, and the Cultivation
 ' Of our darling Commerce, shall ever be
 ' My first and chiefest Care ; so assure them,

(*Ex. Citizens.*)

*Enter Dawbney, (who whispers the King and gives
 him a Paper.)*

K. Hen. Where hast thou lodged him, my
 faithful *Daubney*.

Daub. Safe in the *Tower*, my Liege.

King. Enough ; follow me (*going off--but turns
 short*) this List you say's authentic.

Daw. So he declares, my Liege

King. 'Tis well ; follow me, *Daubney*.

(*Exit Daubney.*
York.)

York. Something of Moment is in this abrupt
Departure, pray Heaven all our Hearts be whole.

Ox. Lord Bishop, if there is a rotten Heart
Amongst us, why his Head must answer for it.

York. Sure if there was no other abler Reason,
The Blast of Nobles in the late Rebellion,
Is Warning sufficient to all the Land,
How they again abet an Impostor's Claim.
The high-born *Lincoln*, Son to *Delapoole*,
The Earls of *Kildair*, *Lovel*, and *Geraldine*,
With the *German* Baron, bold *Martin Swart*,
Who all bled their last in th' Impostor *Simnel's* Cause,
On the crimson Plain of memorable *Stoke*.

Enter DAWBNEY.

Daw. Lord Chamberlain, it is the King's Com-
mand

You order his Apartment, in the Tower;
They must be instantly prepar'd, for 'tis
His Royal Pleasure to lodge there this Night.

Stan. In the Tower?

Daw. It was his special Command: And farther,
Lords,
It is his Will you all attend him there.

Ox. So, so—I knew some of us would be a Head
shorter.

This Tower Work seldom ends otherwise.
This same Treason, I find, will furnish full
Employment for the Headsman, and the Priest.
For, if I mistake not, many wise Heads
Must be knock'd off, and many black Consciences
Absolv'd, before it ends. (Exit.

Daw. My Lords, the King expects you.

York. We'll attend. (Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

*An Apartment in the Tower.*CLIFFORD *alone.*

O *Clifford*! *Clifford*, thou hast lost all Peace!
 The Traitor's guilty Sting is in thy Heart;
 And his deep-dy'd Shame dwells on thy Cheek.
 My Eye *detests* the Light; and I fain would seek
 Darknes, eternal Darknes and Oblivion.
 O Man, Man, weak, unsteady, insatiate Man!
 My Conscience, ever faithful to its Trust,
 With heav'nly Admonition, kindly warn'd
 And forbid my Baseness; but Thirst of Greatness,
 Infused by hellish Priest-craft, wrought my Fall,
 And damn'd me to the lowest Pit of Shame.
 For now, to save an ignominious Life,
 Again I have broke the Band of Fellowship,
 And, like a Traitor doubly steep'd in Guilt,
 Have sacrificed my vile Associates.
 O Shame, Shame! Hell! Hell! for ever in
 The Villain's mangled Mind.

Enter DAWBNEY.

Daw. Sir *Robert Clifford*, I've inform'd the King
 Of what you gave Permission;
 He has given Command I lead you to his Closet—
 Be open and sincere in your Confession;
 Trust to his Royal Goodness for Pardon.

Cliff. O *Dawbney*, I have my Reward already.
 The bearded Shafts of Guilt and Treachery
 Goad thro' my Heart, and canker all within.

Daw.

Daw. Despair not, Sir; the King is merciful.
But do not dally, for his Soul's on Fire;
The Quickness of his Temper well you know.
But come, the King
Expects us in his Clofet. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

*The King's Apartment in the Tower. A Table,
Chair, and Candles.*

Enter the KING and DAWBNEY meeting.

Daw. May it please your Majesty, Sir Robert
Clifford.

King. Admit him, Dawbney—and let Oxford and
York attend.

*While the King seats himself Dawbney goes to
the Door, and returns with Clifford, York,
and Oxford.*

King. Clifford, draw near; 'tis needless to upbraid
you,

For already I see Treason's sharp Remorse
Hath seized your Mein and Aspect;
Guilt and Self-Reproach, the Traitor's native Marks,
sculk in

Your down-cast Eye.

Cliff. My Eye! my Heart!—I am all over Vil-
lain! [kneels]

An irresolute, ungrateful Villain!

I fear beyond the Reach of Penitence!

King. Clifford, stand up; for Instance of thy Safety,
We offer thee our Hand.

Cliff. I kiss it
With the Greediness of a penitent Heart,

Who

Who pants for heavenly Mercy. O Sir,
 You are a just, a righteous Master; I
 The blackest Traitor, that e'er betray'd his Friend,
 His King, or Country.

King. Tell me, is every Circumstance set down
 Within this Paper true? Is it a sure
 Intelligence of all the Progress
 Of our Enemies Intents?

Cliff. True, my Liege,
 As I wish Forgiveness of offended Heaven!

King. Look here, my reverend Lord, the Scheme
 of *France*; [gives him a Paper.]
 The base, the mean, the shackled Terms they've
 made

With their Impostor King, for this fair Isle,
 The Queen of *Europe's* Liberties.

York. Reads.

- ' First, a full Surrender of *England's* Trade
- ' And all her foreign Acquisitions—next,
- ' Obedience implicit to his Holiness
- ' The Pope and the Decrees of *France*, in all
- ' Disputable Points—lastly, a Tribute everlasting
- ' Of whatever Sum their Moderation shall demand.

King. Clifford, those are the Terms, you say, made
 with
England's pretended King?

Cliff. Gracious Sovereign, they are.

King. Well, my Lord of *York*, what says your
 Grace? Shall

We put on our Chains in Peace, ha! will they
 Sit easy, think you?

York. As the Shirt of *Hercules*, my Liege.
 The *Englishman*, who signs to these, must sure
 Be bloodless.—And bloodless may each *Briton* be

E're

E're that Day come. O sooner may our deep,
Our watery Bulwark become our Grave,
And Land and Liberty together bravely perish.
(*King rises, perusing the Paper.*)

King. Our Right of Commerce! Sovereignty at
Sea!

England's darling, rightful Treasure! purchased
For Ages, with her best, her choicest Blood,
Must we be subject to audacious *France*.

Our foreign Acquisitions too must be
Humbly laid at our Gallic Master's Feet.
Even the Freedom of religious Thoughts,
They are not pleased to leave us.

Infallibility steps in and dictates,

' *Britons*, thus you must think—or Perdition

' Is your Doom.'—Hard Sentence,—lastly, Tribute,

Everlasting, of whatever Sums their

Moderation shall demand!—Moderation!

Gallic Moderation!—What,—shall *Englishmen*!

Freedom's favourite Sons! shall we, my Lord,

Like Slave-born Wretches bow our Necks,

For *France* to tread on? Shall we, like Dastards,

Crouch to Cravens we so oft have beat? No——

E're a Hair's Weight of *English* Liberty

Be yielded up,—e're the lowest *Briton*,

Be Subject to the haughtiest Peer in *France*,

We'll dye our dear, our native Land with Royal

Blood. (*sits down.*)

But come, Sir, on with your Discovery.

What Pow'r hath *France* sent with our Brother

King?

Cliff. But small, my gracious Liege, as yet, if any.

But most mighty Promises are made him,

In Conjunction with *Spain's* Embassador.

Three solemn Councils at *Paris* have been held ;
 And their Result was this ; *Sussex* and *Kent*
 Are to be visited with twenty thousand
 Of the choicest Troops of *France* ; while proud *Spain*
 Into *Ireland* pours an equal Number ;
 And *Rome*, ever active to wound *England's* Peace,
 Has secretly dispersed, throughout your Realm,
 Her subtlest Priests to poison and seduce
 Your Subjects Minds, in Favour of th' Impostor.

King. I cannot observe in this Scheme of yours,
 That *Spain* or *Scotland's* Kings are in Treaty
 For any Part or Share of this gallant Spoil.

Cliff. Royal Sir, to that Part of their Councils
 I must declare myself a Stranger.

King. Um--it may be so.

I find then, my kingly Rival, the *Pope*,
Scotland, and *Spain*, are all the Tools of *France*.
 The Wind-mill-pated *Spaniard* dreams of Glory ;
 The *Scot* of his usual Trade of Plunder ;
 His *Holiness* of *Peter's* obsolete Pence ;
 And Cousin *Perkin* of filling *England's* Throne !
 And thus the Wreck of *English* Liberty,
 Is parcel'd out by those despotick Spoilers ! [rises
 But if we must be Slaves, my Lord of *York*,
 Let us put on our Chains like *Englishmen*
 Reeking with *Frenchmens* Blood.—
 Let's have one Tug for our Sea-wash'd Isle,
 Our Laws, our Commerce, and our Liberties ;—
 They're worth disputing— [sits
 Ha ! are they not, *York* ?

York. As Life,—or Sustenance,—when raging
 Famine clings us.

Th' coldest Coward would fight for such Blessings.
 Even our Women, by Nature soft and gentle,

As,

As Peace or Innocence, would, in *England's* Cause,
Unsheath the frightful Sword, and
Stain their snow-white Arms, with hostile Gore.

King. Of what Friends and Followers
Is this itinerant Monarch's Court composed?

Cliff. Of all kinds that are base, and infamous;
Of all Nations, and of all mean Conditions;
Bankrupts, Sanctuary Men, Thieves, Robbers,
Vagabonds, and *Scotch* Banditti:
Who under Mask of Justice, and Religion,
Commit unheard-of Outrages.--Spoil, Rape,
Rapine and Murder, are their daily Practice;
And all are sanctified by the Priests of *Rome*.

King. O wicked Use of Heavens chiefest Blessings!
O *Rome!* *Rome!* this is thy infallible Truth!
And, civilized *France*, thy most Christian Policy!

Ox. 'Why, my Liege, the *French* have a Factory on
' Purpose for Politics, where the Devil, the Car-
' dinal, and the Pope weave State Mischief for all
' the Courts of *Europe*; but we will let 'em know,
' that neither their Politics nor their Bulls will sell
' in an *English* Mart,——whatever they may do in
' other Countries.'

King. 'I think, Sir, you named Priests and Emis-
saries,
' Dispersed about the Realm to poison Minds,
' And diffuse Sedition 'mongst our Subjects.
' Know you any of them by Name, or Person?

Cliff. 'Many, my Liege.

King. 'Name them quick;--be brief, Sir.

Cliff. 'The chief are Sir *John Ratcliff*, Lord
Fitzwalter,

' Sir *Simon Mountford*, Sir *Thomas Thwaites*,

F

' *William*

' *William Dawbney, Thomas Cressenor, Thomas Astwood!*

King. ' Come, Sir, the rest.

Cliff. ' The rest are all religious Persons. *William Rockford*

' And *Thomas Poins*, Dominican Friars ;

' Doctor *William Sutton, William Worsely,*

' Dean of *St. Paul's; Robert Laiborn, Richard Lessley;*

' With divers others of inferior Rank, all influenced

' By the Power of *Rome*, with Orders to absolve

' Whatever Blood may be shed in the righteous

' Cause.

King. Have you named all, Sir *Robert?*

Cliff. All but one, my Liege, and when I name him,

I fear my Truth will lose all Credit ; yet your Chamberlain, Sir *William Stanley*, tho' last Named, is first against you.

King. My Chamberlain !

Cliff. He, Sir.

King. *Clifford*, beware how you accuse a Man, Whose Love and Loyalty we've experienced. We know the Tricks of Guilt and Treachery ; Arts to discharge their own detected Crimes, By tainting others nobler than themselves.

Cliff. My Liege, again I say your Chamberlain, Sir *William Stanley*, is a vile Traitor, Both in Purse and Council, To this pretended Heir his chief Assistant ;— This I can prove.

King. What ! *Stanley!* my Friend ! my retired, inmost Friend ! My Heart's Partner ! my other self !

York. Patience; Royal Sir.

King. Patience! why, my Lord, *Stanley's* a Traitor. (rises.)

A dear, a friendly, secret, bosom Traitor!
Hear that, Lord Bishop, and then preach Patience.

York. I confess, my Liege, 'tis dreadful.

King. Dreadful!—O dear *York*! you cannot know my

State of Mind.—None but a King, distrustful
Of his Friends, when wild Rebellion threatens,
Can feel what I feel now. Adversity,
And Exile I have known, with some Degree
Of Comfort,—nay, tho' driven by this Impostor
From my Crown and People, confin'd in Cells,
Or doom'd to die on the Traitor's Scaffold;
Yet still I should have found some Consolation;
But Treachery of Friends is comfortless:—
It is a poison'd Wound which drives to Madness,
Or Despair.

O *York*! what have I done to lose my *Stanley's*
Heart—or he his own, 'He, who in *Bosworth* Field
' Rescued me from *Richard's* death-dealing Sword;
' And from his cloven Head first snatch'd the Crown,
' And like Lightning flew to encircle mine.

But let him from my Thoughts.--*Dawbney*, to Night
Within the square Tower let him be imprison'd;
Set a strong Guard on him.--*Clifford*, you Sir, must
Lodge there too; we'll talk more with you to Mor-
row.

York. My Liege, the Night is far advanced; it is
Almost Morn, and your troubled Mind demands
Repose and balmy Sleep.

King. O Lord Bishop, in my Apartment now,
Whom shall I trust? I must have Doors and Walls

Of Brass; I must lie down,--for Sleep I cannot,
 In honest friendly Armour; 'tis now the
 Only Safety I have left. I must wear it
 Amidst my Council and my Friends, as in
 The Day of Battle, lest the Poniard, dark,
 And traiterous, reach my Heart.

York. Good Sir, banish such Thoughts.

Ox. Ay Sir, drive them from your Breast ' and
 ' let me

' Be your Door, your Wall of Brass, your Armour,
 ' And I'll engage your Safety--tho' the Devil,
 ' The Pope, the Pretender, *France*, and *Stanley*,
 ' Should all conspire to corrupt me.

King. ' O my honest *Oxford*, fair Confidence,
 ' Who with her coral Lip, her rosy Cheek,
 ' And cherub Aspect, used to sport about
 ' My peaceful Heart, is banish'd now; *Stanley*
 ' Hath murder'd her; and planted in her room
 ' A livid, trembling, pale squint-eyed Friend, gnaw-
 ' ing
 ' Suspicion.

Ox. ' Dear Sir, get rid of her as soon as you can,
 ' For she is a little insinuating Imp,
 ' Who, under Mask of Friendship, steals into
 ' A Monarch's Breast, and never parts
 ' 'Till the ferret-ey'd Fiend hath eaten Repose,
 ' And stung the contented Mind to Madness.
 ' Banish her, banish her, my Liege.

King. You, my Lords, we believe pure,
 And uncorrupt, as Light, or Truth itself,
 And this Night, will commit
 Ourselves to your loyal Care; you shall watch
 In our Apartment, while we court coy Sleep,
 To our weary Lids,

And

And try to sooth our State-vex'd anxious Breast,
With restor'd Confidence, and balmy Rest. [*Exeunt.*]

End of the Second ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Tower.

*Enter YORK, OXFORD, and several other Lords,
all as from STANLEY's Tryal.*

(York to one of the Lords.)

PLEASE to inform the King we wait his Pleasure. [*Ex. Lord.*]

I fear, my Lords, his Majesty, from his
Tenderneſs innate, and extream Affection,
To this unhappy *Stanley*, will extend
His royal Mercy beyond its prudent Bounds,
And grant him Pardon of all his Treasons.

Ox. Will he? Why then 'tis Pity he
Shou'd ever be without a Traitor in
His Bosom; for a blacker, or one so
Unprovok'd, History cannot produce.

Enter KING attended.

King. Well, Lords, what ſays our apoſtate Minion;
Have you condemn'd him?

York. His Treasons have, Sir;
Which were as manifest, as foul and dangerous.

The

The conscious Guilt of his Conspiracy
 Press'd him so close, it forc'd Confession from him,
 Unimportun'd.

King. O Lord Bishop, that argued Shame and Sor-
 row

For his Folly; and tho' in letter'd Law
 It stands against him, yet in our Mercy,
 And the Softness of our friendly Nature,
 It pleads strongly for him.

'Extremity of Law is sometimes too sharp
 'Even for our traitorous Subjects; on whom,
 'Especially when penitent, Chastisement
 'Shou'd fall not with a rigorous Cruelty,
 'But paternal Sorrow; as the fond Father
 'Corrects his truant Child. Let me then, Lords,'
 For this unhappy Man, I once call'd Friend,
 Wear a grateful Pity in my Breast.
 He gave me Life and Crown in *Bosworth* Field;
 Let me repay the Debt, and give him Life,
 Too justly forfeited by foul Rebellion.

Ox. My Lord, from my Heart I wish the Treason
 Cou'd be punish'd, and th' unhappy Traitor
 Spar'd. But I believe your Subjects, at this Juncture,
 Expect Examples of publick Justice.
 It gives me Grief to say it, but Clamour
 Is so violent against him, 'mongst all
 Degrees of People, that I fear Mercy,
 At this Time, wou'd be an Act dangerous
 To yourself and State.

York. Lord *Oxford* councils well,
 Th' Insolence of this Rebellion must be
 Crush'd with speedy War and Laws utmost Rigour.
 'Mongst the great Ones more particularly,

In

In whom, when Traitors, most Power of Mischief's
lodged;

And tho' Mercy in Season is a King's
Heav'nly Attribute, yet to use it now
Wou'd, I fear, be deem'd a dangerous Weakness.

King. Then be it so—since *England's* Weal de-
mands it.

That we shall ever make the sole Guidance
Of our Laws and Will.—Did he assign no
Cause for his flagitious Crimes?

York. None, Sir; when urg'd, his humble Request
was,

To see his Royal Master e're he dy'd;
That then, the Motives of his Discontent
Shou'd have free and ample Declaration.

King. O *York*! I'll see him! but 'tis a hard Tryal
Of tender Nature, to see the Man we've lov'd,
Surrounded by Guilt and Death. The King indeed
At such a Sight may stand unmov'd, but the Friend,
In Spite of Justice, will relent,
And soften into womanish Pity. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Tower.

Enter STANLEY, in black, Guards, &c.

(*Stanley.*)

What awful Pomp attends the Traitor's Death!
What Preparations to affright his Soul!
Yet all are slight! the Guilt he feels within
Out-shocks them all.

Enter

*Enter KING, YORK, OXFORD, DAWBNEY, Lords,
Yeomen of the Guard.*

Ha! the King—once my Joy--
My Ambition! my greatest Happiness!
But now my Reproach! my Terror!

King. See, Lord Bishop, the unhappy Man is
cover'd

With Confusion, and cannot turn this Way.
He looks as Death wou'd be a more welcome Guest
To his afflicted Mind, than our reproachful
Presence.— [The King approaches him.

O Stanley! how different is this Interview
From that in *Richard's* Tent,
When *Bosworth's* slaughter'd Scene was o'er.
When the Tyrant *Richard* lay extended in our View,
My first Thought was, how to reward
Your Love and Loyalty; I made you Master
Of the Tyrant's Wealth.--The Spoil was mighty;--
And had it been immence as *Columbus'*
Late discover'd Mines, my o'er-flowing Heart
Wou'd have thought it poor--poor as Beggar's Alms,
For my *Stanley's* Friendship.---My Mind---My
Treasure---

My Will hath since been yours.--My all, at your
Direction. What then cou'd provoke your black,
Your atrocious Perfidy?

Stan. Ambition.

Misguided, restless, insatiate Ambition!

King. O thou unhappy Mark of human Frailty!
From Patriot Honour fallen to traiterous Shame.
Sure the utmost Height of human Glory
Is Steadiness in our Country's Good!
Myriads of Blessings

Are pour'd on the Patriot's Head; all are anxious

For

For his Health and Welfare, and the People,
From their abundant, their o'erflowing Hearts,
Shout out their Acclamations as he passes.
By his Example Millions are made virtuous;
Even Parricides, who for trait'rous Gold
Wou'd stab the Vitals of their maternal Land,
Are forc'd to sculk behind a patriot Mask,
Lest the good Man's spirit-stirring Virtue
Hurl popular Vengeance on th' Villain's Head.

This is the Patriot.—Now see the Reverse;
See in yourself the Traitor whom all Men curse.

' Not his noble Titles, nor all the Honours
' Treacherous Wealth can heap, can screen him
' From popular Shame, nor ease from Self-reproach
' His guilt-stab'd Heart.
' Here you both stand, the Patriot this, the Traitor
' that; [*Pointing to the Bishop and Stanley.*
' The one *England's* invaluable Blessing;
' The other, her deepest, blackest, vilest, Curse.

Stan. O Sir, I feel the sad Condition.
It hath thrown Guilt intense into my Breast,
And tells me I deserve the worst of Deaths my
Country's Laws, or your just Vengeance can inflict.

King. Why say——shou'd we grant you Life!
shou'd Mercy

Be so abus'd! so prostituted! where!
Where cou'd you reside? With whom associate?
None.—Patriots wou'd shun you out of Virtue,
Traitors out of Policy.

Then the greatest Blessing our Power can give,
Or your sad State admit,—is instant Death.

Stan. It is, my Liege—and my Request to see you
Was not to protract, or sue for Life.—
But to atone, in some Degree, my Guilt,

By full Confession of the groundless Cause,
Which hath for ever damn'd my Fame.
Then know, Sir, your Goodness has undone me;
—Your Royal Kindness
Heap'd such abundant Favours on me, that
My ambitious Soul was lost, in Prospect
Of boundless Power. Your Father-in-law,
My Brother, you rais'd to th' Earldom of *Darby*.
Envy and exorbitant Ambition
Made me request the Earldom of *Chester*;
Which, without Injury manifest, you
Cou'd not alienate, being ever annex'd
To *England's* Heir. But I, with Love of Pow'r
Intoxicated, unus'd to meet Repulse,
From that Moment, like a poisonous Serpent,
Whom you had nourish'd in your kindly Bosom,
Lost Sight and Memory of all Gratitude;
Former Favours, by this Refusal, I
Chang'd to Injuries, and my wild Ambition
To inflam'd Revenge; which I sought to
Gratify by stabbing my dear Country
Thro' my Friend and royal Master's Side.
This, Sir, was my dark, my hellish State of Mind.
Which is a glaring, but faithful Picture
Of ambitious, disappointed Courtiers;
Who ne'er know Peace of Mind, 'till they destroy
The State, or, in their Treason, meet their Death:
And if my Example may stand a Beacon
To the lavish Fondness of future Kings,
And to the Pride of insatiate Minions,
My Crime will be of Service to my Country.
So, farewell the best of Kings,—the warmest Friend,
The kindest Master.—And oh for ever

Fare-

Farewel Guilt and Shame——and welcome deserved
Death. [*Ex. guarded.*]

King, Unhappy Victim of incens'd Ambition!
Stain to thy noble Blood, and *English* Truth!

Enter DAWBNEY.

Daw. My Liege, I bring unwelcome News.

King. Out with it, *Dawbney*.

Daw. The *Cornish* Rebels, so late defeated
On *Blackbeath*, by gallant *Oxford*, and who
So amply felt your Royal Mercy,
Again are up in Arms, in the Pretender
Perkin's Favour. *Rome's* Emissaries have
Once more rous'd th' ungrateful Herd, while *James*
Of *Scotland* is raising a powerful Army to support
His Claim. [*Gives him the Chamberlain's Staff.*]

King. *Dawbney*, accept this Staff,—wear it with
Truth

Equal to my Confidence.——Give Order
Clifford be confin'd within the Limits
Of his own House and Park at *Newbury*,
Till Rebellion's Flame is quench'd.—Lord Bishop,
To you and faithful *Surry* we commit
The important Business of the North;
With ample Power to act as Need shall chance.
Ourself, and my old, my valiant *Oxford*,
Will to the West to chastise those
Unnatural Rebels.——

Ox. I warrant you, my Liege, we'll soon chastise
them.——These Traitors have had Royal Mercy
once.——But they are like the ungrateful ditch-
sprung Nettle, which handled tenderly stings with
greater Violence, but with Vigour grasp'd, and
crush'd at once, loses all its Energie.

King. Come, my Lords, your Country's Wrongs
demand your Swords.

The gaudy Garb of filken Peace must now
Be doff'd, and the mail'd Coat of *Mars* put on.
Tottering storm-drench'd Tents must be our Palaces,
And our rich-wrought Carpets the aguish Earth ;
Our Music must be the leaden Messengers of Death,
Whose whizzing Notes omen to each Man's Ear,
Irrevocable Doom.

Ox. And glorious th' Doom when gain'd in Free-
dom's Cause ;

The noblest Fate an *Englishman* can meet.
The Hatchment of such a Death will be preserv'd
The patriot Mark to late Posterity ;
The free-born Son will kindle at the Sight,
'Till in his King and Country's Cause, he burns
To emulate his Father's deathless Virtue.

York. For my Part, my Liege, tho' Coward
Custom,

And my sacred Function, might exempt me
From the Task ; yet, with *English* Pride, I boast
To change th' holy Crozier
For the defensive Sword.—My Dependants
Brethren, Followers, and Friends I will convene,
And by the Assistance of the Almighty,
Protect our Laws, Religion, and our Rights
Or bravely perish in their Defence.

Ox. ' I defy the Pope in his whole Conclave to
' Shew me such a Prelate as this——
' My Lord, for your Sake I shall
' Love an *English* Priest as long as I live.

King. My Lord,

E're we part let us once embrace. [*They all embrace.*
Now each Man to his Charge, and when we fight,
Let

Let us remember this, we fight 'gainst Gallic Chains
For *English* Liberty.

[*Exeunt York one Way, King and Oxford t'other.*]

S C E N E III. *Scotland.*

(*In Holy-rood Palace.*)

Enter King of Scotland and Sevez.

K. Scot. Have our Council sat upon those Traitors?

Sevez. They have, my Liege ;
Each Man refus'd to plead, and Lord *Huntley*,
With his usual Boldness, deny'd your Power,
And the Legality of private Tryals.
Call'd 'em Inquisitions—Us,—pack'd Parasites ;
And with his wonted Roughness call'd for Justice,
And demanded his Peers.

But all were over-rul'd, and their Silence
We made the clear Evidence of their Guilt ;
Upon which they were quickly attainted,
And Judgment of Death directly follow'd.
But the Time, Place, and Manner, wait on your
Royal Will.

K. Scot. The Place shall be the Castle.——'Tis
not

Meet that *Huntley* harangue the Populace ;
There may be Danger in't.—The giddy Herd
Affect him much.

Are their Lands seized ?

Sevez. They are, my Liege.

K. Scot. 'Tis well——

Are

Are all Things ready for *Richard's*
Coronation?

Sevez. All, my Liege.

K. Scot. Quickly then,
Let the royal Ceremony be perform'd,
With due Magnificence and regal Pomp:
To morrow we resolve for *England*, there
Again to crown the young *Plantagenet*.

Sevez. Do you prepare his Highness.

Ex. Sevez.

Enter a Scot. Lord.

Scot. Lord. May it please your Majesty, Lord
Huntley's

Daughter, the Lady *Katharine Gordon*,
Is come to Court; and with distracted Aspect,
And grief-swoln Eyes, prays Admittance
To your Royal Presence.

K. of Scot. Conduct her in—belike she comes to
move us

For her Father's Life—but it must not be
But on one Condition.

Enter Katherine.

Kat. O Royal *James*! if the House of *Gordon*
E're deserv'd your Love, if the many Lives
They have lost in your Defence, if the Blood
Of Generations, spilt in *Scotland's* Cause,
From earliest Time,
Down to my grey-hair'd Sire, if these, I say,
Deserve your Love, or Pity, then spare, spare,
For Love of Mercy, spare my poor old Father.
O, do not stop his Ebb of Life, with the
Traitor's Ax, a Death unknown to *Gordon's* Sons,
Who all have perish'd in the loyal Field.

K. Scot. Rise, *Katherine*,

The

The House of *Gordon* we have ever deem'd
The fairest, brightest Jewel in our Crown.
Your Father hath ever been dear to us, dear as
Love,

Or the Tyes of kindred Blood could make him.
Till his o'erbearing Temper leap'd all Bounds;
Till he compell'd us
To shake off his iron Yoke; which hath provok'd
him

To Cabals, Jibes, Murmurs, and disloyal Threats.

Kath. O believe it not, Sir, they abuse your Ear
Who say so. Truth it self

Is not fairer than his Loyalty;
Which is incapable of Stain or Blemish.

O, Royal Sir, if you think him false,
You do not know him. Perchance his Temper,
Warm in his Country's Cause, may urge him be-
yond

The Bounds of Prudence; but this Heart is sound;—
Sound, as the Genius of our Land could wish.

K. Scot. *Katherine*, I commend your filial
Warmth,

And wish you had not Cause to sorrow;
But be assur'd from me, *Huntley's* a Traitor.

Kath. Royal Sir,
Do not call him Traitor; for well I know,
That Name is sharper to his Soul, than death's
Keeneſt Dart.—My Liege, he is no Traitor.

K. Scot. I find, Lady, your Father's daring
Spirit,
In some Sort, breathes in your soft Form.

Kath. It does, my Liege!
From Time, beyond the reach of Record,
It hath been our Race's Pride to cherish

Loyalty

Loyalty and our Country's Weal above
 Our Lives. It hath
 Been *Huntley's* first Precept to his Children,
 Night, Morn, Hourly. No wonder then some
 Part

Remains with me. O had you heard him
 Tell the warlike Deeds of *Gordon's* Ancestors,
 For their King and Country; you then, I'm sure,
 Wou'd have believ'd him Loyal.

K. Scot. Katherine, we did believe him faithful,
 'Till we found him rising above our Power,
 And striving to awe, with subject Insolence,
 Our sacred Majesty.

Kath. Gracious Sir,
 If his free Spirit hath outstept Discretion, —
 Impute it not to traiterous Insolence,
 But to a bias'd Mind in *Scotland's* Cause.
 Merciful Sir, give me his precious Life,
 He never, never, shall offend again.
 He shall retire to our antient Castle,
 The Nursery of *Gordon's* Ancestors;
 Till weary'd Life steals from his feeble Frame,
 Gently and unperceived as the setting Sun.

K. Scot. Well, *Katherine*, on Condition he
 reside
 For Life's Remains, within the Confines
 Of *Gordon's* fertile Barony, we grant
 Him full Pardon.—Provided, my fair Cuz,
 That you accord our Sollicitation
 In Favour of a royal Suit of ours.

Kath. Command it, my Liege, [*kneels*.
 Be it Banishment, or Death, or lingring Famine,
 Save but his Life, and conclude it done.

K. Scot.

' *K. Scot.* No, my lovely Cuz; nor Death nor
' Banishment,
' Nor aught ungentle, or unkind, will reach
' This lovely Form, while we have Sway to hinder;
' Nature design'd it for her noblest Use,
' For a Monarch's Bliss, and Partner of his Crown,
' For Joy in Youth, Content and Happiness in Age.
A youthful Prince must fill those snowy Arms;
And from this soft Image *Albion's* King must rise.

Kath. Sir!

K. Scot. Know, *Katherine*, our Cousin, young
Plantagenet,
Burns with a Lover's Flame,
And longs to make you the happy Partner
Of his Bed and Throne.

Kath. Me, Sir!

K. Scot. Ay, fair *Katherine*!
Grant his Suit, and *Huntley's* Life is safe.
If not—You deny him Mercy, not I.
' For the sharp Ax must fall where Law directs,
' Unless by you prevented.

Kath. O, royal Sir.—(kneels,) how shall I speak
it!—O some
Heavenly Power guide my distracted Mind!
O Sir!--My Heart is not my own;--'tis already given,
Betroth'd, and ty'd by Love, Honour, and all
The sweet, the witching Charms of blended Hearts.
Daniel! the blooming *Daniel*! sweetest Blossom
Of *Scotland's* Peers, has got my Heart, and to
Morrow
By full Consent, and Joy of both our Parents,
The holy Priest was to unite us.

K. Scot. Rise Cousin;—we will not controvert
your Love,

H

Nor

Nor strive with Argument to sway Affection;
 Your own free Will shall be your Guide,—therefore,
 We offer this Alternative,—and chuse
 You must this Night—That's our utmost Limit.
 Prepare or to be crown'd as *England's* Queen,
 Or to be whelm'd in Grief as *Huntley's* Orphan. (*Exit.*

Kath. Now, Horror, thou art at Work, and I defy
 Thy madning Power to out-terrify
 My distracted Mind. Scaffolds—Axes—*Daniel*,
 And *Huntley*, pierce through my distemper'd Brain,
 And Madness must guide me thro' the Chaos.
 My Father—no, they shall not murder you.
 I will wed sharpest Misery and triumph
 In Wretchedness to save a Father's Life.

(*Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

An Apartment in Edinborough Castle.

Enter Huntley and Sir David Bruce, meeting.

Sir David. Good Day, my Lord.

Huntley. Wou'd it were, *Sir David!*
 But Italian Policy and good Days
 Never shine together.

Sir David. I was in Hopes
 E're this, my Lord, that the King's Resentment
 Wou'd have bated. Lord *Huntley*, my Heart bleeds,
 To see you still within these hated Walls.

Huntley. Bleed for me, *Sir David?* O *Bruce*,
 let it

Bleed for your poor Country.

Sir David. My Lord!

That

That Ruin o'er spreads our Land, is obvious!
Wou'd to Heav'n the Remedy were as plain;
Did I but know it, at hazard of my Life I wou'd
apply it.

Huntley. Why how dare you declare that *Scotland's* ruin'd,

While an *Italian* Legate holds the Helm?
Why I avow'd no more.

But where are my Brother Traitors,
Angus, and *Daniel*? Mayn't we embrace
E're we shake of our Treason, and set out
Upon our final Journey?

Sir David. My Lord, I have strict Command
Against your seeing each other, or admitting
Any Person to or from you without
Special Order from the King or *Sevez*.
Report is, you're all to suffer privately
To morrow, in different Parts of the Castle.

Huntley. O rare Tyranny! *Rome's* Christian Policy,
Her Holy Inquisition.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Sir, your Daughter Lady *Catherine* is below,
She hath brought a special Order from the King,
For her Admittance.

Huntley. My Daughter! my Child!

Sr. David. Pray Sir, conduct the Lady up.

[Exit Officer.]

I hope, my Lord, she brings an Order for
Your Enlargement.

Huntley. Just as King *Sevez* pleases.

Sir David. Your Daughter may have some private
Converse,
I'll leave you, my Lord.

Huntley,

Huntley, Sir, your Confidence shall not be abused.

[*Exit. Sir David*]

Enter Officer and Katherine, Officer goes out again.

Huntley. So, my *Katherine*! my Child! (*embraces her*) My all that's left,

Of *Gordon's* antient Stock. The long Descent
Must end to Morrow by the Traitor's Axe.

Kate, what wilt thou do when I am gone?

How wilt employ thy self?

You'll have no feeble Father to sooth now;

Death will rid you of that endearing Care,

And me, of all my doating Fondness.—Nay, nay.

Do not weep.

The Sight of thee hath ever brought

Joy and Comfort to my old Heart; prithee

Do not vex it now. Let me die like *Huntley*,

You bear it like his Daughter.

Kath. O Sir!

'Tis Nature's hardest Task to look on Death,

For that fell Tyrant is her utmost Shock.

And in a Father——

Huntley. Hold, *Katherine*, mistake not, it is not
Death,

But Guilt, Guilt, my Child, is Nature's utmost
Shock.

To the Innocent, Death is a Guide to Life eternal.

But to the Guilty, a ghastly Summoner,

Which frights, and goads, and stings to endless
Tortures

Death! 'tis Nature's Companion!

He attends every Action of our Lives!

I have seen the bare-rib'd Tyrant in as

Many Forms, as there were armed Soldiers

In

In the Field; sometimes darting from Man to Man,
 Levelling Ranks, and sweeping down armed Files;
 While brazen Engines his iron Messengers
 Sent forth, and with a Loudness that deafen'd
 Nature, proclaim'd his Triumph! and can I
 After this, fear his Block and Ax! no Child,
 Only the Traitor starts at those; th' Patriot
 Beholds them with a Fortitude that smiles
 And triumphs, like the holy Martyr; who,
 Before his Fall, sees his Reward register'd
 In Heaven.

Kath. Sure, Sir, you cannot be in love
 With Death!

Hunt. No, *Katherine*; he, who says he is,
 Deceives himself; but my declining Life
 Is not worth much Concern; the Oyl is almost
 spent;

And like a dying Flame on an exhausted Lamp
 Wou'd of itself have soon expir'd, without
 My cruel Master's hasty Breath.

Kath. By me, Sir, he sends you offer of Life.

Hunt. Does he!

He cou'd not have chosen, in Mercy's smiling Train
 A lovelier Messenger—Thou art her rosy
 Cherub—and Life from thee will come with
 Double Relish—but, hear you, *Katherine*, have you
 Brought Life's Blessing with it? It's cordial Drop?
 It's balmy Sweet?

Kath. What mean you, Sir?

Hunt. Liberty, my Child! heav'n-born Liberty!
 Without which, Life is a Curse, and he, who
 Rids me of the Plague, is my best-lov'd Friend.

Kath. O, say not so, but accept his Promise;
 Accept of precious Life at any Rate.

Hunt.

Hunt. Ha! *Katherine!* what upon base ignoble Terms!

To be a Court Creature; to do filthy Jobs,
As Priests and *Rome* direct; to bow, defame,
And fawn, and cringe; and beg to be employ'd
In some brave Man's Destruction? To flatter
A pride-swoln Priest; and pamper up
His Avarice and Revenge, with my Country's Ruin.
Is this a Life for *Huntley*? No.

I know you will not council it——

Well, upon what Terms will our royal Master
Give us Leave to breathe?

Kath. Know then--O Heav'ns! how shall I speak
them! [apart.]

Hunt. Nay, if you hesitate, I'm sure they are
base.

Your Conscience is a faithful Monitor,
A Dial set by an unerring Hand,
And heavenly Truth is the Light it goes by;
Obey it now, and be silent.

Kath. No, Sir, I must name it,
Tho' you look me dead, which wou'd be the cruell'st
Death, Fate has in Store. Know then, that the
King

Hath promis'd Life, and Liberty, to you, and
The other Lords—on Condition—

Hunt. Out with it——

Quick—for the Approach of Infamy is
Dreadful.--And I see something in my *Katherine's*
Eye, was never there before. Shame, conscious
Shame!

But come,—the Conditions!

Kath. The Conditions are,
First, that I marry his suppos'd Cousin,

The

The Impostor *Perkin*—

Hunt. Katherine,

We have convers'd enough upon this Subject;
Our Life is short, therefore we must prepare
To give in our Account as perfect as
We can; not on the Eve of Death to add
To the inadvertent Sallies of Youth
Premeditated Infamy.

I trust I shall employ my short Space to more
Advantage.

Kath. O my foreboding Heart! 'twas what I
fear'd! [To herself.]

Hunt. But, *Katherine*, lest you shou'd mistake and
Err into Infamy, know that your mangled
Body in Death wou'd give me Joy,
When your lovely blooming Person in such
A prostituted Marriage, wou'd bring cureless
Sorrow;--it wou'd rive my old Heart in twain.
My Child, farewell (*embraces her*) when you
Have better Thoughts
Bring them to comfort me. These vex me sorely;
Farewel,--I am going to my Cell, to
Think of Heaven and you. [Exit.]

Kath. And what shall I think of!
Death! Death! fell horrid Death! turn where I
will
I see the Skeleton dogging
My Father's Steps--and softly stealing with
His shadowy Arm uprais'd, ready to aim
His final Dart.
O some unerring Power direct me!
If I wander into Error; the Crime
Is not in my Will, but my Ignorance;

For

For I find filial Gratitude and partial
 Nature struggling at my Heart, and prompting
 That I must not let Him dye, who gave me Life.
 I find Love too pleading for my *Daniel*;
 Sure all this must be right, or Heaven would not
 Permit it?—No, they shall not dye;
 My Father is cruel to himself and me,
 And Nature, sympathizing Nature,
 Will be obey'd, and they must live.
 For on their Lives alone depends my Fate,
 As does the Peace of our distracted State. [Exit.

A C T IV. *Holy-rood Palace.*

Enter KING and SEVEZ.

Sevez. **A** GAIN, I say, that on the Traitors
 Death
 Depends the loyal Subject's Safety; Mercy
 To one is Cruelty to the other.

K. Scot. Sevez, I know Lord *Huntley's* Maxims
 well;
 But still I think he loves us.
 He must not die.

Sevez. Sir, a King's Word is of religious Nature;
 An Obligation sacred, which cannot
 Be dissolved, by any earthly Power;
 None but our Mother, the holy, holy
 Infallible Church,—Heaven's Vice-gerent!
 Before her, indeed, Laws, Oaths, Obligations,
 Of what Kind soever, lose their Being.
 You, Sir, in Council

Gave

Gave religious Word, Lord *Huntley* should die.

K. Scot. 'Twas by your Influence I revok'd my Word.

You urged 'twou'd be gracious in the Eye of *Rome*
To ally Duke *Richard* to our Blood,
By Marriage with *Gordon's* lovely Daughter.
All Means of Success were barr'd, except
My Promise of her Father's Life; which she,
Cover'd with Rage and Sorrow, from Love and
Nature's extream Reluctance, at last accepted.
Then how, my *Sevez*, how can I answer
My Breach of Word to her, or to myself?

Sevez. Sacred Sir, your religious Scruple gives me Joy.

But should conscientious Fears disturb you,
A Bull of Pardon from his Holiness of *Rome*
Will soon ease your religious Mind.

K. Scot. Wou'd I cou'd save his Life!

Sevez. Sacred Sir, I know your royal Tenderness,
But if *Huntley* lives, your Authority
Will be too feeble to stand against him.
He is grown too popular for kingly Power
To cope with. The factious Lords, his Friends,—
And the distemper'd Rabble are at his Beck.
Already they bellow out for Justice,
Redress, Freedom, no *Perkin*, no Legates,
No *French* Council, no *Italian* Statesmen;
This is their Cry thro' *Edinburgh* Streets,
Nay, round your Palace Walls.

K. Scot. Ha! Traitors!

Sevez. Sir, tho' you, out of your native Goodness,
Were inclin'd to pardon those wicked Lords,
Yet our holy Church wou'd have insisted
On their Deaths; or on your Head have denounc'd

I Her

Her hottest Vengeance. For they're Hereticks
 Of the new-sprung Sect; call'd in *England* *Lollards*;
 And have been most active in shaking off
 The Power of *Rome*, which nothing but their Blood
 Can expiate. ' Your Allies of *France* too
 ' Wou'd have stopt their Aid and Loans, and have
 ' left you
 ' A Sacrifice to your rebellious Subjects
 ' And to your old, your natural Enemies
 ' The Purse-proud, haughty, heretic *English*.

K. Scot. *Sevez*, they shall die.

Are all Things in Readiness for our Expedition?

Sevez. They are, Sir; this Night *Richard* and
 his Queen

Sojourn at *Berwick*; and the Clans and Vassals
 Of the *Grants*, *Kenedys*, *Macgregers*, and *Macdo-*
nalds,

With those of *Hamilton* and *Macpherson*,
 Are all set forward; and their Rendevouz
 Is *Norham* Castle, which they'll reach this Night,
 And there wait your royal Presence.

K. Scot. *Sevez*, prepare, we will set out this
 this Day.

Sevez. My Liege, all Aptness and Conveniency
 Attend your royal Will and Pleasure. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *An Apartment in the Castle of*
Edinburgh.

Enter Huntley, follow'd by an Officer of the
Castle.

Hunt. Marry'd! crown'd! pardon'd! Say,
 Who pardon'd me?

Off. The King.——

Hunt. I say you are deceived, it cannot be.

Off.

Off. My Lord, 'tis certain she is marry'd and
crown'd; the
Legate himself join'd their Hands.
(And your Pardon is the Consequence of the Mar-
riage.)
And now with
Regal State, and pompous Train she journeys towards
England.

Hunt. O *Katherine!* *Katherine*, is this thy Re-
ward
For all my anxious Care to form thy Mind!
Was it for this you came to offer Life?
Ambitious Syren.—Yes, I will accept it.
I will, *Kate*, but it shall be to glut my Vengeance.
Crown'd! pardon'd! regal State! vain, ambitious,
Proud, infamous Woman! O Happiness,
Happiness, Fancy's delusive Child,
Which every Fool creates, and no sooner
imag'd into Form, but th' airy Being
Vanishes to Sorrow!
Mine was compos'd
Of *Scotland's* Weal, and my *Katherine's* Virtue;
But *Rome* hath ruin'd one, and Woman's Pride
The other.

Enter Sir David Bruce. [loud knocking without]

Sir David. See who knocks, but be sure let none
enter. [to the Officer.]

My Lord, I grieve to be the Messenger,
But by a special Order, just received,
The short Space of a fleeting Hour
Is your Life's utmost Limit.

Hunt. An Hour, Sir!

Why *Bruce*, I thought my Daughter's Infamy
Had pleaded to the King for royal Mercy.

Sir David. 'Tis true, my Lord, the King did
promise Life

To you, *Angus*, and *Daniel*; but e're he
Set forth for *England*, he sign'd this Warrant
For your Deaths.

Hunt. Then, *Queen Kate*, thou wilt escape my
Vengeance;
Fate, I find, hath reserv'd thee for his own Wrath.

Enter Officer with a Letter.

Off. Sir, a Post from Court hath brought this
Letter
For Lord *Huntley*.

[*Sir David takes it from him
and gives it Huntley*

Hunt. For me Sir?—'tis *Katherine's* Character!
Once as welcome to my Eyes, as rising Sun
To new-recover'd Sight; now irksome as Perfidy.
What a Comfort, amidst Calamity,
Wou'd this have been, had she not fall'n to Guilt
Inexpiable!

O she was once as fair, and innocent
As was her Parent *Eve*, when first
She waken'd from Creation—but *Satan's*
Towering Crime, Thirst of imperial Sway,
Hath wrought her fall, and blackn'd all her Virtue.

Sir Dav. My Lord,
I cannot think your Daughter's Crime—

Hunt. Dear *Bruce*, Pity me.
For Sorrow's Dart ne'er reach'd my Heart till now!
The foolish Father hath quite unmann'd me,

And

And hath brought out all the stifled Weakness
Of busy fondling Nature, which will have Vent,
In Spite of Art; and what I thought had quite
Engross'd me, *Scotland's Love*.—But I'm deceiv'd--
For the Father's Folly, I find, is uppermost,
And Rage and Sorrow rend my Heart, and my
Weak Eyes burn with scalding Rheum. O *Katherine*,
Did I e're think thou'dst make old *Huntley* weep!
Thou hast done what Death and slaughter ne'er cou'd
do.

But, she's gone—fallen, and unworthy another
Tear.

But come, now let us see her regal Stile,
Her royal Apology for accepting
Sovereign Sway,——and breaking a Father's Heart.

S I R,

*(Opens the Letter, and after having
read the Address, his Grief returns,
which interrupts his Power to read.*

Dear *Bruce*, pity, pity an old Man's Weakness!
Nay, I know you will, you must---for you are
Your self a Father, and know what fond Fools
Nature makes of us——prithee *Bruce*, read it.

(Gives him the Letter.

For my Eyes have full Employment---unman'd,—
Quite, quite unman'd!

{Bruce reads.

S I R,

' I Have broke the Bond of Duty with the best of
' Fathers, of Honour and Affection with the
' most deserving of Lovers. This I have done to
' give you and your noble Friends Life and Liberty,
In

‘ in Hopes you will rescue your King and Country
 ‘ from those who have advised your Deaths, my
 ‘ Marriage, and the innumerable Woes *Scotland*
 ‘ groans under.

‘ Consider, Sir, my Crime is the Effect of your
 ‘ Precepts; which always taught me to prefer my
 ‘ Country’s Weal to Life, Fame or Family. I will
 ‘ not sue for Pardon, but Pity, tho’ you condemn
 ‘ me, I know your tender Nature will grant to your
 ‘ once loved——now broken-hearted,

Katherine.

Sir Dav. Brave noble Lady! exalted as Virtue
 Or patriot Love can boast. She has indeed,
 Acted like *Huntley’s* Daughter! parted with
 More than Life for her King and Country’s Weal.

Hunt. O just Heav’ns! what Machines thou hast
 made us!

Scarce a Moment since, and I shou’d have joy’d
 T’have seen my *Katherine* hears’d deep in the Womb
 Of Death’s clayie Mansion. And now, Life, Fame,
 And *Scotland’s* Fate are not so dear to me
 As my *Katherine’s* unparell’d Virtue.

Sir Dav. Unparell’d indeed, my Lord! poor
 Lady!

She is wedded to Misery without End.

Hunt. O my Child! my Child!

Cou’d I but see you once! cou’d my dim Eyes
 But gaze once more on that dear soft Image!
 Cou’d I but live to ease my *Katherine’s* Heart,
 And tell her how I laud her manly Spirit,
 I wou’d then forgive Fate--Death—every Thing—
 But *Sevez*—that curst Priest---who hath undone us
 all.

But

But you say, Governor, I must not live
To see my *Katherine*; for that within this Hour
The Tyrant's Ax must sever Life from Woe.

Sir Dav. That was my last Order from the Legate.

Hunt. E're this the Thought of Death ne'er hurt
my Mind;

But now 'tis irksome! I fain,—fain wou'd live
To see my Child again—but that cannot be—
O *Scotland's* Majesty, how art thou sunk!
When your royal Word is as far from Truth
As Heaven from Hell!

' To deceive even my poor *Katherine*!

' To betray her into Prostitution!

' Sure Perfidy in Kings is the blackest Crime

' Callous'd Infamy hath in all her Store!

But when *Rome's* mental Craft surrounds a Throne,
It is no Wonder Falshood and Tyranny,
Shove by Truth and Justice.--

But come, Governor, since we are to die,
Let's close the Scene, and end Life's Farce at once.

Sir Dav. No, Lord *Huntley*,

Our bleeding Country hath fitter Service for you.

By me her Genius says, you must not dye.

My Lord, with jealous Eyes, and fore-griev'd Heart,
I've seen your Wrongs, and *Scotland's* unmatch'd
Woes.

Affection to your House, which rais'd me first,
And to my dear, my native bleeding Land
Has made me watchful to preserve you both.

Hunt. What mean you, *Bruce*!

Sir Dav. This my injur'd Lord--

Many of the ancient Blood of *Seotland*
With heart-fore Feeling behold th' mighty Wrongs
Like to be entail'd upon Posterity,

Which

Which they resolve most bravely to forefend,
Or else to bleed their last in the Attempt.

Hunt. Ay, *Bruce*!--what! are there such Men
in *Scotland*!

Sir Dav. There are, my Lord; and since your
Confinement

Have oft assembled in private Parley, how
To give you and *Scotland* Life and Freedom.

They last Night resolv'd, as they were commanded,
To attend the King in this Impostor's
Expedition. But not a Step farther

Than they see fit Time to shake off the Yoke.—

Their faithful Clans and Vassals they have rais'd,
Who are well martial'd both in Mind and Body,
And ready to revolt upon the Word.

Near *Norham* Castle they are assembled,
Whither the King's encamp'd--thither must you post
This Night--where you will meet such warm greet-
ing

As Courage feels when rous'd by Tyranny and Op-
pression.

Hunt. *Scotland's* guardian Genius—let me em-
brace thee.

[Embraces him.]

Sir Dav. This Castle, my Lord, I have well
provided

As is that of *Sterling*, by Sir *Archibald Grant*,
And we will hold them out to Life's Extremity.

My Lord, you must away, *Scotland's* bleeding.

Hunt. Away?—why, *Bruce*, I will outstrip the
Winds,

And leave them Laggards in the hasty Course;
I'll go, like *Brutus*, at the Head of *Rome's*
Determin'd Son's, and restore poor, banish'd

Freedom

Freedom to her Throne.

There shall she fit incorp'rate with our King,
'Till Time shall be no more.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Norham Castle:

*A March at a Distance, enter the Bishop of York
and many Free-holders, Gentlemen, &c.*

York. — Friend's! *Britons!* and Free-men! in
'Conjunction with the valiant Earl of *Surrey*, I'm
'sent amongst you to defend *England's* Frontiers,
'And *Norham's* antient Castle 'gainst the avow'd
'Enemies of our Land. Consider, *Britons*, who
'those are! a Set of rapacious *Scots!* Desperadoes!
'Out-laws! and a few dastard *French!* who do not
'fight for Fame or Liberty,--but theevish Booty;
'your Property; and shall we give up our King,
'our Liberties; our Laws, Religion, and our Fa-
'milies to *Rome's* greedy Priests, and frenchified
'hungry *Scots?* No, there is a robust Vigour in
'Freedom unknown to Slaves. Let but your Minds
'be obstinate, your Bodies never can be conquer'd.
'Tyranny is a Weed that never did, nor can grow in
'*English* Soil; the Breath of Freedom is it's Bane,
'which blasts it sudden as Lightning does the Moun-
'tain Heath.

K

Freeh.

Freeb. ' Ay, and may it forever blast it; and
' every Tyrant, who comes to plant it amongst us.

York. ' Then, *Englishmen* and Friends, let us
' but follow the brave Examples of our Ancestors,
' and we shall never be Slaves to a tyrant Deputy of
' *France* and *Rome*. They know our native Plenty
' --they long for it; they know our golden Com-
' merce,--they grieve at it; they know our Free-
' dom,--they fear and hate it; and well they know
' our Courage,--now then let them feel it.

Freeb. ' And so they shall.——Looky', Lord Bi-
' shop, in Behalf of my Neighbours, Countrymen,
' and Friends, now present, I speak; and in plain
' down-right *English*, will let you know our
' Thoughts——which are these. We love our
' King,——we'll fight for him; we love our Coun-
' try, we'll fight for that; and we love our Religion,
' our Liberty, and our Laws, and we'll fight for
' them too. We were born free, we have lived
' free, and we'll die free. We have resolved not to
' be plunder'd, nor directed by *Rome*, *France*, *Scot-*
' *land*, nor a Pretender. So Lord Bishop, let some
' true *Briton* lead us on, and I'll engage we will
' beat the Beggars back to their Mountains;——
' where we will pen them up 'till they devour one
' another; so that's ail we have to say.

York. ' All! 'tis all that a *Brion* can say. There
' is an Eloquence more prevalent in homely *British*
' Freedom, than in all the Jesuit Rhetoric of *France*
' and *Rome*. It passes to the Heart, there inspirits
' and kindles up an active Vigour unknown to all
' Mankind but *Britain's* Sons.

Enter

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. 'A Gentleman disguised, and muffled in
' *Scotch* Garb is at the Castle Gate, and prays Ad-
' mittance, and instant Converse with your Lord-
' ship, and if I mistake not it is the gallant Earl of
' *Huntley*;—but from the Battlements your Grace
' may descry him plainly.

York. 'If it be *Huntley*, we may admit him; for
' cold Treachery and he are Strangers? Were *Scot-*
' *land's* Subjects all of his Temper, intermeddling
' *France* would never dare to offer Laws or Kings to
' *Britain*. But let us to the Battlements! if it be
' he, perhaps his Business may bring general Good.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

An open Country. A March near Norham Castle.

The Scottish Army.

Perkin and Frion enter apart from the main Body.

Frion. The King's gone to his Tent and expects
you.

Why, Sir, do you retire so gloomily?
As if black Melancholly had seiz'd your Mind?
What is't hangs so heavily on your Spirits?

Perkin. O *Frion*, my *Catherine*, my Wife is lost.
Sorrow hath sunk so deep into her Heart,
That Death,—or silent Madness must ensue.
Since we left *Holy-rood*, not an Accent

Hath escap'd her faded Lips.—Motionless
 She sits; with Eyes fixt as if rivited
 To Earth; while Tears insensibly steal down
 Her pensive Cheeks, which look like weeping Dew
 Fallen on the Statue of Despair.

Frion. Do, droop; convince the King, his Court
 and Army,
 That your cold, your watery Veins are Bankrupt
 Of royal Blood. Convince them you are Impostor,
 Who wou'd not fight for such a fertile Isle
 As envied *Britain*.

' Then do not droop, nor rest till that you die
 ' The milky Rose you wear in the luke-warm Blood
 ' Of *Henry's* Heart;' and the stiff-neck'd sturdy
 Knaves,

Who now oppose your Claim, be tame and humble
 As the dullest Boor that ever tramped in Wood.
 Gall them with Yokes till that their stubborn Necks
 Bow to the lowest Slave in *France*, and own
 Them for their Masters.

Perkin. Were I but once upon the Throne I wou'd.
 Their free-born Insolence should be forever check'd.
 But my dear *Katherine* makes me inactive;
 She hangs about my Heart.

Frion. Haste, Sir, be gone, the King expects you
 in his
 Tent. Drop, drop the Lover, shake it
 From your Heart; and put on th' enkindled Warrior.
 Shew the Soldiers you are going to fight
 For a Crown; not to die for a Puppet,
 A melancholy whining Girl. [*Exit Perkin.*]

Frion. This it is to have Concern with Wretches
 Born to be Tools. Well! to change Nature's Bent
 I see is not in the Power of Art;

If it had,—this *Perkin* might have been e're this
 As valiant as *Cæsar*, and as courtly
 As sportful *Anthony*. The united Skill
 Of *France* and *Rome* have joyn'd to form his Mind;
 The Clergy indeed have discharg'd their Part
 Effectually; for he tells his Tale
 With as specious and smoothe Hypocrisy
 As our Church can boast. But for his Courage
 He is as great a Stranger to it as he
 Is to Royalty.
 But I must not be absent lest he betray
 The Milkiness of his coward Liver. [Exit.]

S C E N E V.

A Field near Norham Castle.

Enter HUNTLEY, and all the SCOTCH Nobility.

Hunt. Nobles, Freemen, and *Scots*; I've trans-
 gress'd the Laws
 Of our King and Council, and 'gainst their Sen-
 tence,
 From Death, have borrow'd a few Hours to live
 Amongst you. Then as my Time is short,
 I cannot waste it in golden Speech or
 Rounded Phrase; for if my Subject will not
 Move you, my Eloquence cannot. Then to th'
 Purpose.
 Many I see here whose Sires, and Grandfires,
 Have fought with me for Liberty, in the
 Very Field where now we stand. You *Matthew*
Steward,
Earl of Lenox, *Alexander Lord Forbes*,

And

And *Duncan Dundass*, Lion King of Arms,
 To you I speak particularly——your
 Fathers I well remember to've fought with.
 And many more no doubt are here, which
 My Eye cannot now take in. I have seen
 Their free, their willing Swords plow thro' Ty-
 ranny,
 And their smoaking Blood sluic'd to manure this
 Field.

From whence reviv'd the sweetest fairest Flower
 That e're adorn'd *Scotland's* Soil.

Liberty, my Friends! Priest-stab'd Liberty!
 This Flower,

Countrymen, your Fathers have transmitted
 To your Care. Then take Heed on't, preserve it
 As you wou'd Existence; set it in the Centre
 Of your Hearts; that's it's native Soil, there,
 Only there 'twill flourish,—Trust it to *Rome*,
 Priests, or Priest-rid Monarchs, 'twill surely perish.

Lord. My Lord, sorely
 We feel our Country's Wrongs, and wish to cure
 them.

Hunt. I've had secret Conference, in *Norham* Castle,
 With his Grace of *York*; and have settled such
 Terms as will, I hope, restore Peace and Freedom
 To our harrass'd Land; and besit the Honour
 Of our King to ratify.

O Countrymen, I have not Time nor Memory
 To sum up our Evils; they are beyond
 Arithmetic's enumerating Power:

'Tis your own feeling that can convey
 The Number of your Stings, and your own Deeds
 That must redress 'em.

So all those, who are in love

With

With Rome, Priestcraft, and Slavery,
Let them remain behind—those who love their King,
Scotland and Liberty, follow me.

Omnes. Liberty, Liberty, Scotland, huzza!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

A Royal Tent near Norham Castle.

*Enter King of Scotland, Perkin, Sevez, Frion,
and all the King's Attendants.*

K. Scot. Cousin, after long Absence from our native Land

Nature at our Return feels eager sympathizing Joy;
How happens the Reverse in you?

Perkin. I own Sadness fits round my Heart,
To think, I must depopulate, and waste
My Native Land; to wade thro' Cruelty,
Blood and Slaughter! to have the Infant slain!
The Aged murder'd! to have Sword, Fire,
And total Devastation overspread the Land,
E're I can purchase my just Inheritance!—
This, in extream Grief, my Soul deplores.

O, Sir, my Heart grieves for my poor People!

K. Scot. Your People, methinks, deserve your Anger

More than your Sorrow; for not a Man as yet
Hath rais'd Hand or Voice in your Defence.

But, on the contrary, all seem resolute against you.
Why come not Sir *Robert Clifford* and *Stanley*,
As they promis'd?

Frion. Sir, be assur'd they are not inactive.

Clifford, I know, is true as Heart can wish;

And

And for *Stanley*, his Resentment is too deep
 Within his Heart ever to be eras'd.
 The Clergy, to a Man, are warm and zealous;
 And, already, under Pretence of not
 Paying a Subsidy, have privately
 Stirr'd up twenty thousand hardy Britons
 Now in Arms in *Cornwal*.—Many Friends too
 Lurk slyly in the great Metropolis,
 And thro'out the Realm, who artfully joyn
 The common Cry against Invasion, *France*,
Scotland, and the Pretender.——But when Time
 Serves, are ready, one and all, to use and
 Massacre the Heretics, and all whom
 They suspect as Enemies to our Church,
 Or young *Plantagenet's* Claim.

K. Scot. But, *Frion*, *France* and *Spain* are tardy;
 Where are those Troops were to be pour'd
 Into *Ireland*? And the South and West of *England*?

Frion. Most royal *James*, *France* and *Spain*
 Are prompt as Revenge and Hatred can inspire;
 But as yet they cannot stir—the *English*
 With their Fleets will not let them
 Look forth; or e're this, Devastation wou'd
 Have o'er-run their Land, swift as Contagion,
 Or epidemic Plagues.

K. Scot. Unless your Friends are numerous and
 powerful
 In *England*, or *France* send some speedy Aid,
 I fear, young Prince, Adversity will still attend you.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. So please your Highness, a Gentleman just
 arriv'd from *Cornwall*, who calls himself *Flamock*,
 humbly craves Audience of Princely *Richard*, *Eng-*
land's lawful Heir.

Frion.

Frion. I know him well, so please your Majesty;
A warm and active Friend he is, and of much
Power in the West.

K. Scot. 'Tis like he brings Dispatches of Importance!

Give him instant Audience. [*Exit Perkin and Frion.*
Sevez, this Business wears not an Aspect
So fair as we cou'd wish——

Sevez. Dread Sir, I trust this Gentleman from
Cornwall

Brings some Intelligence of good Complexion.

K. Scot. Is Advice arriv'd yet of *Huntley's* Death?

Sevez. Not yet, my Liege. But every Moment
I expect it. Sir *David Bruce* is not
Wont to be remiss. He is sure and trusty,
And will the Instant it is over send Dispatch.

[*Three Shouts, each approaching gradually.*

*Enter Huntley, and all the Lords, with several of
the Soldiers all arm'd, their Swords drawn.*

[*The King starts up, Sevez, and the rest run
behind him.*

King. *Huntley!*

Hunt. Ay, my Liege!

King. Where are my Friends?

Hunt. Here, Sir!

All these are Friends.

King. Am I to be assassin'd?

Hunt. No Sir——;

We all kneel, Sir,

[*All kneel.*

Your natural, loving, Subjects; dutiful——

But free——free as the Glory of our King——

The Welfare of our bleeding Land,—and our

L

Infringed]

Infringed, constitutional Rights demand.

K. Scot. Why how now, Sir; who dare controul
our Will?

Hunt. Justice dare——gracious Sir, let Reason
school

Your youthful distemper'd Heat, and sound Judgment
Soon will follow; with sincere Allegiance
And Affection we're come to close this Breach,
'Twixt a hasty
Mistaken King, and his much-wrong'd
Banish'd Subjects. Let not the latent Poison
Of subtle *France* and *Rome* insinuate and work
Against our Love and Loyalty.

K. Scot. Well, Sir, let us
See an Instance of your Love and Loyalty.

Hunt. You shall Sir,—first, you Priest, who
Coward like
Puts Majesty in Front when Danger threatens,
You, Sir, to your Sphere—the Altar—a Throne
[Pulls him from behind the King, and throws
him to the Guard.

Of Freedom never was design'd for *Rome's* Priests.
Now, Sir, [To the King.]
You are, as you shou'd be, King of *Scotland*;
Before, the Pope was.

K. Scot. Hear me, rash Man—do not presume—

Hunt. My Liege,
Rome's Legates have no Business round our Throne;
The Church is their Capitol,—there let them thunder
out

Their Threats, Pennance, Bulls, and Absolutions;
And if they can, why, let 'em save our Souls;——
But for our Property, and our Freedom,

W.

We can preserve them ourselves without troubling
Their Infallibility.

K. Scot. Lord *Huntley*,
This Insolence is beyond Sufferance.

Hunt. Sir, 'tis not Insolence but Loyalty;
Built on Nature's first Law—and the first Compact
That made a King: The People's Interest,
In a free Nation, is blended, and co-equal
With the King's; and he who separates, or
Over-values either, is the Traitor;
Not we, who want to unite and poise them.

K. Scot. Sir, this is a Language, I'm unus'd to.

Hunt. I know it is, young King; therefore I speak
it.

For when Tyrant Folly surrounds the Throne,
The Truth to our King is the Nation's best
Loyalty. Look into our honest Neighbour's,
The *English* Annals; see their Insolence
In Defence of Liberty encroach'd by
Rome-directed Kings. See their determin'd
Honest Souls, wading thro' mercenary
Slavish Blood, to shake off *France* and *Rome's*
usurp'd

Authority. See each Man, active as
The first *Brutus*, driving out the *Tarquins*
Of their Land—and sacrificing themselves
And Sons to Liberty.--Copy them, them
My Liege--not *France* and *Rome*.

K. Scot. These Sounds are harsh
They grate and discord in the Ears of Kings.

Hunt. Sir, none reverence Majesty more than I.
'Tis the People's sacred Repository
Of Freedom, Justice, Mercy, and all their
Social Happiness; and as such, when pure,

I kneel, and I adore it--but when defil'd
By Tyranny and Priestcraft, it becomes
A Magazine of Vengeance, and all our
Veneration turns to Contempt and Wrath.

K. Scot. Huntley, if you love us cease this Doctrine,

[*Bows to the King—then turns to the Lords.*]

Hunt. I have done—my Lords, this reverend Priest,

Our Paramount, sent us from meddling *Rome*;
See he has safe Conduct to *Edinburgh*;
My traiterous Apartments in the Castle,
I believe will suit his Reverence; they are
Retir'd and fit for Meditation.

K. Scot. I charge you, let not his Life be touch'd!

Hunt. Why Sir—the foremost Man of all the World,

Great *Cæsar*, bled for wounding Liberty;
And shall a paltry Priest of *Rome* escape?
Is there not one--one *Brutus* to be found
Within wide *Scotland's* Realm, dares stab the Villain
Who wou'd basely enslave his native Land?
Be yourself that *Brutus*,
And let your Dagger be th' unbiass'd Censure
Of a *Scotish* Parliament.

K. Scot. Sir, we are
In your Power; and your Will must be our Dictator.

Hunt. No, Sir--your Glory--and *Scotland's* Welfare
Shall dictate. Dispatch them to the Castle.

[*Exit Guards with Sevez.*]

Enter a Lord.

K. Scot. The News!

Lora.

Lord. So please your Majesty a Herald from
Norham Castle is arrived, Harbinger
To the warlike Prelate *York*, who in his
Master's Name demands Audience of *Scotland's* King:

Hunt. I pray your Majesty will give him Presence.
He may be charged with Power of Treaty,
Such as your Glory and *Scotland's* Distress
May wish.

King. Give him Conduct: [Exit *Lord.*
Well, Sir, what are the Dictates we must attend to?

Hunt. Sir, we are not in plight for wasteful War.
Intestine Feuds, and *Rome's* black Exactions,
Have drain'd us below the Might of coping
With industrious *England*; who from thriving
Commerce, and domestic Union, are stout
And finewey. Therefore, we pray this War,
Stirr'd and fomented by subtle-working *France*,
In favour of an Impostor, may be dropt.

Enter *York*.

Now my Liege you may behold the Difference
'Twixt an *English* and a *Scotish* Prelate.
The one roused and spirited by Freedom's Voice
Is fighting for the Franchisement of his Land;
The other, sway'd by the Craft of *France* and *Rome*,
Is praying to enslave it.

York. From *England's* awful King I come; not to
Cringe or beg for Peace; but for mutual Good
Of both the Realms to stop ruinous War's
Bloody Effusion. And that on such Terms
As befits *Scotland's* Honour to accept,
England's to offer.

K. Scot. Lord Prelate, *England*
Cannot be more in love with Amity
Than *Scotland* is. But the Insults offer'd

To

To our *Scotish* Youth, here on *Norham* Plain,
 At their mirthful annual Festival,
 In cold Blood, and in Time of Peace too, hath
 Long gone unatton'd, tho' oft remonstrated.

York. Those, whose Policy it is to create Diffention,
 No wonder they have mistold that Business.

King. Sir, *Henry's* Scorn of our Alliance with
 His Daughter *Margaret* hath not been mistold.
 That we ourself experienced and can't forget.

York. Sir, I come with Power, I hope, to end all
 Feuds,

Groundless or otherwise. With *Henry's* Voice
 In this Presence I offer new Alliance

To *Scotland*; and to make the Bond of strictest
 Union now, let there be Affinity with

Royal *James*, and Princess *Margaret*; *England's*
 Unparalell'd Beauty; whose Proxy here I stand
 Ready to conclude instant Affiance.

And farther, the annual Loan receiv'd

Of *France*, we promise to make good to *Scotland*
 By way of Portion; which on Survival

Must be settled, as Dower, on *Scotland's* Queen;--

Provided Connexion be broke with those

Breed-bate *French*, and their Tool th' Impostor

Perkin

Be render'd up.

King. How! *York!* break our royal Faith!

No; our sacred Word was his Sanctuary:

Nor will we defile it by Treachery.

Our Tutor,

The rigid *Huntley*, I believe will not

Prescribe us that.

Hunt. My Liege, your royal Word was given, as
 you thought,

To

To *England's* Heir; this is an Impostor,
As can be proved; hatch'd and foster'd by the vile,
The hellish Juncto of *France, Spain, and Rome*;
On Purpose to enslave this Island's Realms.
For when once their Deputy rules in *England*,
Scotland must bid farewell to Peace and Freedom.

K. Scot. Let him be proved an Impostor, and we
Shall think ourselves in Justice and in Honour bound
Not only to yield him up, but with Contempt
And Ignominy. But 'till that is done
We must not break our Faith.

Hunt. My Liege, you shall
Have ample Proof; so full, that not the Shadow
Of a Doubt shall disturb your Mind.

K. Scot. The other Terms we do accept, and if
Approv'd by *Henry*, will send Lord *Huntley*
To ratify them——so inform your Master.

York. I shall.

[*Exit.*

K. Scot. Huntley, we shall trouble you with the
Trust.

Attend us for our farther Instructions.

Hunt. With most willing Duty and Diligence.

[*Exit King.*

You see, my Lords, that by the King's Commands
[*To the Scotch Lords*]

I must strait to *England* to ratify
This hasty Peace. His Sincerity, as yet,
I cannot judge of. But lest *Rome's* wicked,
Temporizing Craft should be his Policy,
I beseech you, let not a Fort, or Castle,
Be surrender'd, till the Legate hath stood
A free, a candid Enquiry of his Peers;
And the Justice they doom, be fairly dealt him:
Saving the Power of royal Mercy,

If

80 *King H E N R Y the VII.*

If it shall think proper to interpose.
Consider, Countrymen, how this Struggle
For native Liberty will shine, when read
To a free Posterity.
The Youth will glow to emulate this Deed,
The Sire will bless us for his Country freed;
And from your Loins a patriot Race proceed.

End of the Fourth ACT.

A C T V. S C E N E I.

King Henry's Tent near Taunton.

Enter King, York, Oxford, Lords and Gentlemen.

K. Hen. **M**Y rev'rend *York*, let me embrace thee.

[York kneels, the King embraces him.]

Rise,—come to my Heart,—and there let my Love
Enshrine your Truth, your Loyalty, and Friend-
ship.

This is indeed a Monarch's Happiness,
In Day of Battle, and wild Rebellion,
To be enpal'd with such Ranks of Loyalty,
Fences, nor War, nor Treachery can shake.
But what of our Brother *Scotland*? Does he
Still persist in Conjunction with his Allies
Of *Rome, France and Spain*, to send *England* Laws
and Kings?

Or will he sheath his redoubted Anger?
And let us rule in Peace our Nook of Freedom.

York.

York. Grievance and Disunion o'erspread their Land;

This brought *Huntley* disguis'd to *Norham* Castle;
Where, in the Name of all free-born *Scots*,
He demanded Friendship with *England's* King;
I readily embrac'd the mutual Blessing,
When Preliminaries strait by us were settled,
Which the aggriev'd People pray'd their King to
sign.

He did—and this contains their full Matter.

[*kneels and gives him a Paper.*]

Which Lord *Huntley*, with other *Scotish* Peers,
Fraught with ample Power, are ready to conclude
And ratify, provided the Substance
Shall please your Majesty.

K. Hen. Lord Prelate, of your
Wisdom in making Terms for our Glory,
And *England's* Interest, we will not doubt.
Lord *Oxford*, *Huntley* is your antient Friend,
I know your honest Heart longs to see him;
Conduct him hither. [Exit *Oxford*.]

But, my Lord,

What of the Impostor? is he deliver'd up?

York. So please your Grace, *Scotland's* King con-
sented

To yield him up—but, suddenly, the Impostor,
His Wife, (the miserable *Katherine Gordon*)
The Traitor *Frion*, and others of his Train,
Disappear'd beyond the Reach of labour'd Intelli-
gence.

*Enter Oxford and Huntley, and several Scottish
Lords.*

Ox. Here he is, my Liege; as tough a Piece as
ever

War or Winter foster'd. Many and many a Day
 have
 We harrafs'd each other; and many a bitter Night
 have
 Watch'd for the grey Dawn, to steal the Advantage
 Of the first Blow—which we old Soldiers think no
 Contemptible Part of a Battle.

K. Hen. Lord *Huntley*, welcome to our tented
 Court;

Dignity of Forms, proper to your high Place,
 And exalted Worth, confus'd Rebellion
 Will not allow. But if sincere Reception
 Can compensate Lack of Ceremony,
Scotland's Ambassador, and the Lord *Huntley*
 Are most welcome.

Hunt. In *Scotland's* Name I here greet *England's*
 Love,

And stand a faithful Hostage of Return:
 As for myself, next my royal Master's,
Henry's Esteem is my greatest Honour.

K. Hen. Lord *Huntley*, for some Hours
 Peaceful Treaty must give Way to Civil War.
 When mad Rebellion's lawless Crew have
 Awak'd his Wrath, the chastising Vengeance
 Of fire-ey'd *Mars* must keep Pace
 With Lightning's Rage. When that precarious Scene
 Is over, as the Justness of our Cause
 Deserves, your high Business we then will ratify;
 Mean Time, my Lord,
 Such Accommodation, and such Safety——

Hunt. As Courage needs in Honour's Cause, let
 me have;
 Or such as Lord *Oxford* here shall have, I request;
 No other, I beseech your Majesty.

Haggith

Haggish Age hath not yet so thin'd my Blood,
But I can toil one Day more in Honour's Field
With my honest old Competitor. As Foes
We oft have try'd each other's Soldiership ;
To Day let it be try'd as Friends.

K. Hen. Spoke like a Soldier zealous in our Cause,
We will accept your honest Sword. You shall be
Oxford's, your old Antagonist's Volunteer

Ox. And a stancher never stood by *Cæsar*.
Come you veteran Volunteer, come to my
Heart. (*embrace*) 'How oft when we have been each
'other's Prisoners, for retreating was not in Fashion
'with us, have we wish'd for a Cause to joyn our
'Hearts in?—At length, Thanks to her Caprici-
'ousness, the blind Lady hath given us the Oppor-
'tunity; and in faith we'll make use on't.' We'll
try what Mettle there is in *French*-rais'd Rebels. Side
by Side we'll march thro' their disjoynted Ranks,
like Death and Time. The Rogues shall sicken at
our Sight. Pale Pannic shall catch from Eye to Eye,
'till the trembling Phantom beat at their rebel Hearts
Death's last Alarm.

Enter Dawbney.

K. Hen. Now—Lord *Dawbney*—the News!

Dawb. My Liege, by a trusty Spy, just escap'd,
I've learn'd that th' Impostor arriv'd last Night
In the Rebel's Camp; with some straggling *French*
And *Highlanders*, a few Priests and *Irish*;
And a Lady, whose Beauty and Sorrow
Fill'd the whole Camp with Pity and Amazement.

Hunt. Ha! it is my Child! my brokenh-earted
Katherine!

K. Hen. Heaven be prais'd! now we shall see our
bold

Invader. *Dawbney*, let strict Observance
Be kept at all our Ports, lest he escape.
And a Reward thro'out our Realm proclaim'd
Of one thousand Marks to him who brings his Head.

Dawb. Our Spy brought farther News—he say'd
'twas rumour'd in the Rebels Camp that the Earl of
Devonshire and his Friends, the Mayor of *Exeter*,
and many of the Citizens, were march'd to joyn
your Majesty, and that the Rebels had resolv'd to
advance and give us Battle e're the Junction cou'd
be effected—and by a Gentleman just arriv'd, the
Earl is now within an Hour's March.

K. Hen. The Earl is most valiant, as are all his
Friends!

Dawb. In their March from *Exeter*, the Villains
have been guilty of most unheard of Outrages; as
if Waste, Ruin, Havock, and Desolation were
their only Purport. At *Perrin*, my Liege, they
have committed a savage Cruelty. The Commis-
sioner, for daring to expostulate concerning the Re-
venue, was cruelly murder'd! while his Wife, and
two virgin Daughters, before his dying Eyes, were
sacrificed to their brutal Lust!

K. Hen. Barbarous Villains! Shame to human
Kind!

But speedy Vengeance shall o'ertake them.
What may the Number of their savage Force
Amount to?

Dawb. Rumour calls 'em thirty Thousand,
But the strictest Intelligence, my Liege,
Cannot muster them to above Five and Twenty.

Ox. Ay, Men, so please your Majesty, meer Men;
not a Soldier amongst them; all Rabble, the rank
hot-blooded Sores of the Commonwealth, which
every

every now and then will break out into the Mur-
rain of Rebellion. Then, my Liege, let us not waste
Time in waiting farther Aid; already we are enow
to beat their disordered Numbers thrice told.

King. Lord *Oxford*, Security oft hath been
The teeming Mother of blind Destruction.
Let not our Safety then beget our Ruin;
But let us fight with that Caution and Courage,
As if each rude Rebel was a Cæsar.
Let our Judgment be cool, our Battle warm,
The Blow will then be sure. Their Numbers are
Formidable, what e'er their Discipline,
Or Courage may be. Then, e'er we charge 'em,
Lords,

Let us into Council, and debate the Means;
Whether it shall be as we now stand muster'd,
Or to wait the Junction of the Earl
And his Friends.

{*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Field near the Rebels Camp.

Enter Katherine dress'd like her Husband Perkin,
followed by her Maid Jane.

Cath. I charge you by your Duty and Affection
Follow me no farther; enquire no more
Into my Design.

Jane. Madam, I will not.
Let me but attend you in any Shape.—
I will purchase manly Garments, and travel
With you. For my Patroness,

Your

Your dead Mother's Sake, let me share the Fate;
 Be it Toil, or War, or Famine or Death,
 It will be welcome, much more welcome,
 Than cruel Banishment, from my dear Mistress.

Cath. Jane, press me no farther—I must be obey'd,

Return to my Husband's, King *Richard's* Tent;
 There wait my Presence, or my Messenger's.
 And as you wish my Happiness, let not
 Utterance, or Advertisement, escape you,
 By any Means of this my unseemly
 Immodest Garb.

Jane, this strange Request, give it not Compliance
 As my Servant who obeys, but as my Friend
 Who loves.

Jan. It never shall escape me. But, dear Madam,
 From the earliest Time, my Memory
 Can trace, my Life hath been employ'd with you;
 I've been bred up with you, not under you.
 You have not been a Mistress to me, but
 A tender Equal. Sorrow and Servitude
 Were unknown in *Gordon's* hospitable House;
 Menial Content was the lordly Owner's
 Benevolent Joy; and the Servant's Pain
 Anguish'd in the kind Master's humane Heart:
 Then, Madam, be not angry,
 My grateful Heart, bursts to think I never,—
 Never shall again behold, from this Moment,
 One of *Gordon's* Race—my impetuous Tears
 Are masterless.—I cannot stop them---they
 Will gush, in spite of all my Labour to prevent 'em.

Cath. Jane, do not wound me thus.
 There is a Cruelty in this Sorrow
 My Nature cannot bear. The grateful Tears

You've

You've shed upon my Hand, melt in my Heart:
Pity's tender Anguish is in each Drop.

Jane. They shall offend no more; for tho' they
ease

My throbbing Heart, yet e're they grieve my Mistress,
They shall turn to liquid Flames, and *Etna* like,
Destroy their own Mansion---Madam, my Fears
Inform me I shall never see you more.

That in this strange, this *English* Land, I shall
For ever lose my Patroness.

Again I will not importune to attend,
Or bear you Company in this strange Design.
But shou'd you command me---or give me leave
To follow, and watch at Distance, lest some
Of those hot-blooded *English*---

Cath. Fear not, *Jane*.

Virtue knows no Danger, it is it's own Shield;
It may be assaulted, but never can be hurt:
Therefore as you regard my Peace, or Love,
Expostulate no more; but straight leave me.

Jane. My Patroness, farewell.

And may the watchful Eye of Providence guard and
direct you!

Kath. Farewel, my tender, honest-hearted *Jane*:

[*They embrace, Exit Jane.*]

Poor Maid! she was ever gentle and loving;
And her tender Heart will grieve sorely,
When she shall hear that my Soul hath shook off
This galing Prison.

Now *Scotland*, *Huntley*, *Daniel*, Life, and Woe,
Farewell for ever. You dauntless *English*,
This Day, let th' aking Sighs, the mournful Tears
Of your Parents, Wives, and Children,---let your
Ravag'd Country, your Love of Liberty,

And

And whatever else your tenacious Souls
Hold dear,---rouse, and quicken in your honest
Hearts,

This Day, that intrepid Courage, my dear Father
So oft hath prais'd in you. O let this Garb,
This Impostor Garb, allure your Vengeance
On me your supposed Invader; so shall
My Husband be the Cause of ending
The cureless Sorrow his detested Love begun.

(*Trumpet*) Hark I am summon'd,---
Joyful Sound! O War! Death's fav'rite Harbinger,
If ever thou had'st partial Wrath against
A single Life! Or a first Victim in
Thy raging Onset, O then, for Pity's Sake,
Let me be the cull'd Sacrifice of this
Dreadful Day! let your remorseless Agents,
Sword, Pike, Dart, Javelin, and all your fell
Crew,
Swarm, and cover me with distinguishing Wounds,
That when my disfigur'd Body is found,
Memory of Friend may find no Trace of Know-
ledge,
To shed a Tear o're the mangled Catherine.

Trumpets at a Distance.

Again I am summon'd! and now,---Despair
And Danger be my Guides.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.

Field of Battle, Charge, &c.

Enter King, Oxford, York.

King. Where is this Impostor, who wants a Crown?

This spurious, this *Rome*-hatch'd Plantagenet?
If he hath royal Blood within his Veins,
Or one Spark of *English* Flame about his Heart,
Now, now, while War rages, and the Blood boils,
Let him stand forth and prove himself a King.

York. My Liege, have better Guard upon your Person,

Do not expose it thus in Danger's Front.

King. How, *York*! when I am fighting for a Crown,

Wou'd you have me shew my loyal Subjects
I am unworthy wearing it? No

Forward,—Charge,—Victory,—or Death!

Exeunt, Charge, Excursions.

Charge, &c. Enter Huntley.

Hunt. Thro' War's crimson Chaos I have fought
the Impostor

But cannot reach him! if Death is not Death,
Him by my Hand—— *Going off meets Catherine, who is taken Prisoner by a Soldier.*

Sold. A Villain, offer to kill my Prisoner in cold Blood.

Hunt. Ha! 'tis he! now Scotland and England's
N guardian

guardian Genius be ready to accept this Sacrifice.
Inspire my Rage with one Blow——

*Going to assault Catherine she falls on her
Knees.*

Cath. My Father! O behold and bless your
Catherine

E'er you give the fatal Blow——

Hunt. Angels bless and guard my Child!—Fate,
what art thou doing! ha! 'tis she herself——I feel
her at my Heart, nature softens at her Touch.——

(embraces her)

The faithful Centinel starts at the Alarm,
And wakens all the Father in my Soul!
My Child! O my Child.

Sold. Your Child!

Hunt. Ay, my Child! Lord *Huntley's* Child, if
thou knowest that Name.

Sold. As well as I do my General, Lord *Oxford's*.

Hunt. Then I am he,—and this my Daughter!

Sold. Then, Sir, I am glad I have saved her Life
with all my Heart. I took her for the Pretender, and
thought I had had a good Prize,—but as I know my
General loves and honours you, and you him, I as-
sure you, Sir, I am better pleased with my having
saved a young Lady and your Daughter, than I
should have been with the Reward for *Perkin*.

Hunt. Let me embrace thee for that generous
Thought. Thou hast saved my Child from Death,
and me from endless Woe. *(embraces the Soldier.)*

Cath. Fear, Shame, and Joy
Press all at once upon my longing Heart.
I fain would ask

How poor *Scotland* fares? How *Daniel*? How my
Father escap'd the Snares of wicked *Sevez*?

And

And if he hath yet forgiven the Disobedience
Of his *Catherine*?

Hunt. Forgiven! Why thou art thy Country's
Glory!

And your mourn'd Absence is the only Grievance
Scotland now bewails. Me thou hast made
Jocund as lusty Youth. My May of Life's
Return'd; and my Child again is born to me
In Nature's full Perfection. And *Daniel*,
The solitary, hapless *Daniel*, still lives,
And languishes for his betroth'd *Catherine*.

Hunt. O, I have a thousand Questions to ask
you. But first, what brings you to this dreadful
Place, where Death and Slaughter reign? And why
this vile, this impostor Garb, which had like to en-
snare me into a Crime my Nature starts to think of,
the Murderer of my Child?

Cath. Quite worn down with Sorrow, my hope-
lorn Soul flew to War's Rage, and this detested Garb
as to the surest Means to compass Death; frail Na-
ture's last Cure for comfortless Despair; but this Sol-
dier seized and snatch'd me from the raging Conflict,
and would have brought me Prisoner to the King;
when another Soldier follow'd, and claim'd Part in
the Reward; and to make his Claim the surer the
cruel Villain would instantly have kill'd me, which
this honest Soul prevented,—disdaining in cold Blood
to kill an Enemy.

Hunt. The Soldier's Blessings, Humanity, Cou-
rage, and Success attend him to his Death's Hour.—
If you have Children, may the Father's Joy, the Ex-
tasy I now feel, for ever flow about your humane
Heart. Come, my Mars, in Triumph lead your fair
Prisoner, and thou shalt have Reward, not such as
Monarchs, but doating Fathers give.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

A Field, a Retreat sounded.

Enter Henry, York, Oxford, Prisoners guarded.

Ox. Here they are, my Leige, the Ringleaders of these Rebels.

King. O, you base! you degenerate Britons!
Are you not ashamed to fight for Slavery!
For *France* and *Rome* your sworn natural Foes!
Do you not blush to stain your native Herbage
With *English* Blood, and bruise it with hostile Paces!
Ungrateful Vipers! who with Rebellion's
Intestine Sting, have wounded the Bowels [*To the three Leaders.*
Of this fost'ring Land! the tenderest Mother,
And the kindest Nurse this World can boast.
Hence you Parricides! you unfilial Wretches!

(Exeunt three Leaders.

To Execution with them strait!—for you,

(To the Rebels in general.

Blind, mistaken Men, who have been ensnar'd
By these hell-bred Agents, accept the Mercy
Of your Country, whose tender Nature
Out of War's Rage, cannot bear the cool Slaughter
Of her Sons! the Wounds you have given her, she
weeps

In Tears of Blood! your intended Parricide,
She grieves and pities! and her relenting
Nature punishes it with Mercy's mildest
Chastisement, Forgiveness and Repentance!
Hence, to your forlorn Families! comfort
Their disconsolate Hearts with domestic Peace;
And your injur'd Country with future Loyalty.

Exeunt Rebels.

Lord

Lord *Oxford*, there is
A Soldier of your Regiment, whose Face we oft
Have notic'd, to whom we are much indebted.
To his single Arm, this Day, we owe our Life,
He must be found, my Lord, and rewarded,
As becomes the Affection of a fellow Soldier;
The Gratitude and Honour of a King.

Ox. He shall be sought, my Liege,
With utmost Diligence.

King. Hath any Discovery yet been made, whither
The Impostor Fled?

Ox. O, to the old Place, my Liege, the Church;
the Villains accustom'd Sanctuary. The gallant Hero
never appear'd in Battle; but like a politic Prince
in Time of Danger, kept a loof; and at last,
thought proper to make a religious Retreat
to *Bewley* Monastery. But Lord *Dawbney*, hath
made bold to beat it about the Abbot's Ears, and
hath dragg'd thence our *French-made* Monarch.

King. You see, Lord Bishop, even in the Day
Of Battle; *Oxford*, will have his Jest upon the
Church.

York. My Liege, it hurts not me. I am the
Church's

Advocate, but as it befriend's Religion,
And the Happiness, and Freedom of our Land!
But when with Tyranny and Persecution
It perverts those Blessings
As a Priest, I disown
That Church; and as an *Englishman* will fight
Against it.

Enter

Enter Dawbney, and Perkin.

Dawb. My Liege, we have secured the Impostor; for so he now stands self-confessed. He acknowledges himself the Son of a reform'd Jew, one *John Osbeck* of *Tournay*; but nurs'd and cherish'd by *France* and *Rome*, and the evil-hearted Dutchess of *Burgundy*, on purpose to plague this Land with Wars fell Contention.

King. Bear the Wretch to instant Execution. Let an ignominious Death put a Period At once to his Woe, and his Ambition.

Ox. See, my Liege, where *Scotland's* Honour comes; feebly he drags the Remains of Life, which wasting War and Time have left him. Yet my Veterian was not unactive to Day; his biting Whin-year'd made some of the Rogues skip.

Enter Hunt. Cath. and Soldier.

Ox. Welcome my Volunteer, how now, what have we here another Pretender!

Hunt. Ay, my Lord, a Pretender she is indeed; But one who ne'er meant ill to *England*.

It is my dear *Katherine*; whose Woes outraging The Cure of Patience, flew to War, and this Impostor Garment, as to the swiftest Means of Death. In the Midst of Battle she Was taken; and now kneels *England's* Pris'ner.

King. Rise, fair *Katherine*; your Woes we oft have pity'd,

But we hope they now are ended. The Joy Your Deliverance brings to *Huntley's* Heart,

We

We share in; and that Joy shall be your Ransom.

Hunt. Thanks to your Majesty!—but here is
the Man, [takes the Soldier by the Hand,
Whose Humanity and Courage add Lustre
To the Soldier,—Dignity to human Nature.
This is her Deliverer; fated by
Providence this Day to stand between my Child
And Death.

King. Or Memory plays me false,
Or thou art the Man, who this Day sav'd me
From the *Highland Pole-Ax.*

Sold. So please your Majesty, I did see you forely
smote in the Battle, and down, and bleeding, that
I must confess. And had a common Fellow-Soldier
been in that Condition, I would have cover'd him
from farther Harm if I could. But, when I saw my
King in Danger, I would have lost a thousand Lives,
but I would have brought him off.

King. Honest Soul--Lord *Oxford*, let this Soldier
Constantly be near our Person. Let him
Command our Body-Guards,—our Battle-Axes,
As Earnest of what we farther intend him.

Hunt. Thou dear Deliverer of my Child, let me add
my Acknowledgment to thy Worth. Receive this
Ring, the bright Inheritance which hath descended
thro' the House of *Gordon* for many Generations.
Wear the precious Pledge, not as a Reward, but a
Mark of endless Gratitude, from a tender Father,
and a loving Friend.

King. Lord *Huntley*, we now will haste towards
Scotland's Frontiers,
Where we will celebrate the happy Nuptials
Of royal *James*, and our Daughter *Margaret*.
Joy shall revel thro' both our Realms, and every
Subject's

Subject's Heart shall abound with Happiness.
York, Oxford, Huntley, and all my Fellow Soldiers,
 Shall be crown'd with Wreaths of smiling Victory;
 For they have fought this Day, like true *Britons*;
 Such as great *Cæsar* had to cope withal;
 Whose unpolish'd Courage, not all the Art
 And tutor'd Discipline of War—like *Rome*
 Cou'd conquer.

Ox. Ay, ay, my Liege, let but the Kings of this
 little Nook, all act their Parts as you do yours, and
 I'll engage the People will never fail in theirs; let
 them but give us our constitutional Freedom, and
 we in Return will give them our Hearts and Purfes;
 and then my Life for it, they never fail of Victory,
 let who will attack them.

King. My Lord, your Remark is just; *English*
 Courage
 Must be foster'd with *English* Liberty;
 And the King's Power supported by the Peoples
 Hearts.

United thus, let King and Subject stand,
 Shields to each other, Guardians of the Land;
 Let Faction cease, Commerce and Freedom smile,
 The World can't conquer then, this War-Proof Isle.

F I N I S.